

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—Coroner Samuel H. Fisher announced on Saturday morning that he had to fill the vacancy on the Republican ticket caused by the refusal of James D. Milne to continue in the fight. The convention was reconvened in the afternoon by Chairman A. S. L. Smith, and it was a turbulent gathering; for contest of speech, the nomination only being selected after the delegates who in the original convention had voted for Alexander C. Cowley had withdrawn from the hall.

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOL & 3 PER ANNUM.

Volume XVIII.

New Oxford, Pa, Friday, Oct. 16, 1896.

Number 24

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and \$1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

JUST RECEIVED!

A NEW LOT OF Patent Medicines.

Call at my store in the Livingston Building and get a Sample Pack of Headache Tablets free.

Sarsaparilla, 60c. per bottle.
Guaranteed Hair Tonic, 50c. per bottle
Oriental Tooth Wash, 25c. per bottle
Grippe Cure, 50c. per bottle.

A new lot of 8 day CLOCKS at \$2.50! Also, a complete new line of JEWELRY of all kinds. Prices low. Call to see me.

J. WEIKERT,
LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING,
CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.
REPAIRING OF Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention.

ATTENTION TO THE EYE.



ARE you troubled with headaches?

DO you have pains in and around your eyes?

ARE your eyes weak and watery?

ARE Your eyes or lids red and inflamed?

ARE You troubled with blurred and indistinct sight?

DOES bright light hurt your eyes?

DO You sometimes see two objects?

DO Your eyes smart or burn?

DO You see as well with one eye as the other?

EYES EXAMINED FREE.

GEO. W. SLARK, Graduate Opt.
At STARK & SON, JEWELERS,
Fountain Square, Hanover

NOTICE.

MRS. RACHAEL STAUB'S ESTATE.
The undersigned Attorney-in-Fact for the heirs of the estate of Mrs. Rachael Staub, late of the borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., do hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
D. F. STEFFY,
New Oxford, Pa.,
Attorney-in-Fact.

Job Printing of all kinds cheap, at THE ITEM office

ECHOES OF THE STORM.

It Created Great Havoc Along the New Jersey Coast.

Not Only Have New Dams Been Formed Along the Coast, but Old Shoals and Bars Have in Many Places Been Pounded Away—Property Loss Incalculable.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The great storm of '96 has not been relegated to the annals of the past, and the story has not half been told. No one has so far been able to estimate the damage wrought by the wind and the waves, nor to say how far reaching was the fury of the gale. But as far as the eye can see from any point along the shores of Long Island, along the Jersey coast, in over the lowlands, and in some instances over the highlands, wherever one may turn, there are the evidences that a hurricane has been passing through this section of the country.

For two days and a night the gale blew with ever increasing fury, and yesterday there was a steady downpour of rain to complete the miserable devastation already well done. Thousands spent the day at the beaches, not to enjoy the sunshine and the merry places at the seaside, but to view the work of destruction and to look upon the piles of twisted rafters, broken spiles, upturned pavilions, overthrown cottages and the ruins of resorts of amusement that in former days were the pride and the joy of those who have made the beach their summer home. Handsome lawns that have beautified the grounds of the hotels at the beaches have been torn up like plowed fields, and on Monday, when the storm was at its height, the huge structures themselves in many places were threatened by the waves.

At Brighton Beach and at Manhattan, at Edgemere, at Far Rockaway, and at a dozen other points along the sea line, the fast incoming waters swept under the very foundations of the buildings, and more than once they shook and shivered under the terrific pounding of the seas. One hotel did go down, unable to stand the forces turned against it. That was the Brunswick, at Sea Isle City, the finest structure of its kind in that section. How many smaller buildings were caught up by the wind and wrecked, or inundated, is up to the present moment an unknown quantity.

Nor was it along the coast alone that the fury of the gale manifested itself. Jersey City was in places practically inundated. Bouts were a valuable acquisition, both for purposes of removal and for purposes of locomotion. The railroads in that section of New Jersey were sufferers to the extent of suspending business for a period, and many of the smaller towns in that state had to be content with a lone some existence, for all traffic in and out of those places was stopped.

The wires of Sandy Hook were down for many hours, and when communication was again established it was only to learn that never before had such a hurricane been experienced. Fortunately people and dwellings alike at the old Hook were built for storms, and the damage there was slight, if the scare was great. Householders at Asbury Park and Long Branch, for the summer visitors had long since taken their departure, gathered to watch the fury of the seas, wonder stricken and amazed at the greatness of the waters, for while the watchers at Asbury were gazing the famous boardwalk, the New Era monument and a thousand and one beauties and attractions of the magnificent watering place were swept away.

But Coney Island was the greatest sufferer. One may not now stroll through the well remembered walks fronting on the beach, but he may climb wearily over the masses of ruins that mark the old paths or stand afar and view the wrecked pavilions and water chutes and ice slides. The light and airy beer gardens that stood upon the shore, and the bathing houses and floats, from the farthest corner of Manhattan to way beyond the end of the Boverly at West Brighton. It is believed that several hundred thousand dollars would not cover the value of the places thus destroyed.

On Monday the tide was higher than anybody remembered it to be before, and yesterday morning it was still higher than at the previous flood. It only needed this to complete the devastation along the beaches. The seas simply swept over the adjoining districts, hundreds of feet beyond what long ago had been fixed as the line of safety. As a result dwellings were flooded, and some of them are not yet safe from collapse. If the authorities at Washington would make a survey of the coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May, as it is at present, they would find many errors in the carefully marked maps they now possess. Not only have new bays been formed, but the old shoals and bars in many places have been pounded away.

In such a force of water as hurried itself in giant breakers against the sands, it is little wonder that great stretches have been eaten out of the coast line, that now streams inland have been formed and that now the marsh land along the Jersey coast is the same as was formed in the old days. The old landmarks are buried under tons of sand.

At Asbury and other places a great deal of damage was done. Several buildings, including car houses and dancing pavilions, were wrecked. Several adjoining villages suffered greatly from the ravages of the storm.

SIMON P. STOVER.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.

Simon P. Stover, Republican candidate for Register and Recorder, was born in the village of Cashtown, Franklin township, Adams county, October 23rd, 1845. Born of poor and humble parents he was soon taught that it was only by industry, frugality and perseverance that success in life could be obtained.

From from his earliest years he was anxious to obtain a good education, he resolved to give all his energy to the acquirement of knowledge, but the prospects were far from encouraging. He was poor and without friends who could assist him. It was at an early age that he realized whatever he accomplished in life must be by his own exertions. This conviction became firmly implanted in his mind and gave to him an earnestness of character and resoluteness of purpose that often befriended him amid trials that would have blighted the ambitions and engulfed in the dark chasms of oblivion the high hopes of one less persevering and enduring. He is a typical example of a self-made man, his early educational advantages were those afforded by the instruction imparted in an old log school house which he was enabled to attend for a few weeks during the year. By toiling through the greater part of the year and by diligence, fidelity and careful economy he acquired several hundred dollars and at about the age of sixteen thinking he had about exhausted the capacity of the log school-house for imparting knowledge he resolved to enter the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa. However, before he had completed his course in this institution and because of the threatened invasion of Pennsylvania by the Confederate troops in June, 1863, the session was suddenly terminated and a company of soldiers enlisted composed almost entirely of faculty and students and of which Jas. P. Wickersham, then principal of the faculty, was appointed Captain. Mr. Stover then being but seventeen years of age, volunteered his services to his country enlisting in Capt. Wickersham's Company II 47th Pa. Vol. Militia. This company being organized for only three months, at the expiration of this time he again enlisted, this time for three years enlisting in 162nd Regt. Pa. Vol. Battery C, 3rd Pa. Heavy Artillery and served in the army of the James, being honorably discharged Nov. 11th, 1865.

In 1866 he taught his first term in the public schools of this county. This was the beginning of a successful period of teaching that has extended from that time hence. Few men have enjoyed the opportunity of so large and varied an experience in this direction as has the subject of our sketch, who has for thirty successive years been engaged in teaching. He has taught in the townships of Liberty, Hamiltonban, Highland, Germany and twenty years in his native township of Franklin. Almost from the time Mr. Stover began teaching he has had the reputation of being one of the most progressive instructors employed in the common schools of Adams county. He carried into the school-room the remarkable energy, vigor and good sense which are the mainstays of his character; his pupils are numbered by hundreds throughout the county and everywhere they attest to his sterling worth and ability as an educator and a gentleman endowed with the highest sense of honor.

For a period of twelve years—from 1878 to 1890—he farmed during the summer months but owing to local disabilities he was obliged to discontinue this vocation.

In 1868 Mr. Stover was married to Isabella, a daughter of Henry Biesecker; of the three children born to them but one is now living.

While Mr. Stover has been identified with the Republican party ever since he attained his majority, prior to this he has never been an office seeker; he solicits your vote and influence which will be greatly appreciated; his fitness for the office should be successful in obtaining it is unquestioned by men regardless of party.

He will make an active and vigorous campaign, is widely known and has made hosts of friends because of the manner in which he is conducting his campaign; whilst he is a most untiring and persistent worker, his quiet, unobtrusive manner, with nothing but good to say for those who oppose him, wins for him the applause and admiration of the people.

We predict him a winner at the polls on Nov. 3rd.

Special Notice.

The date of the Jr. O. U. A. M. Excursion to Baltimore has been changed to Friday, October 30th. This will be a joint excursion of the Jr. O. U. A. M. and the Ladies' Mite Society of St. James Lutheran church, of Gettysburg. This will be the last excursion of the season. Watch for schedule next week.

A mild winter is now predicted. With coal almost \$6 a ton, a cold winter would be rather demoralizing to a majority of pocketbooks.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, Oct. 8.

The Canadian Pacific strike has been compromised on terms very satisfactory to the strikers.

Bishop William David Walker, of North Dakota, was yesterday chosen Episcopal bishop of western New York.

By the recent fire in Guayaquil, Ecuador, 20,000 persons are homeless and \$30,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

Yesterday two masked robbers entered the Bank of Sherburne, Minn., killed Cashier Thorburn and J. Ostrom, a traveling agent, secured \$1,000 and escaped on bicycles.

Secretary of State McCahey, of Colorado, gave a decision sustaining the protest of the silver Republicans against the use of the Republican name and emblem by the McKinley party.

Friday, Oct. 9.

George Du Maurier, the artist and novelist, author of "Trilby," died in London, aged 62.

A Lincoln, Neb., dispatch says that A. R. Talbot, Bryan's present law partner, is for McKinley.

Two inches of snow fell yesterday at Blue Mountain lake and other points in the Adirondacks.

Atkinson's majority for governor of Georgia is given at about \$7,000 and that of Bloxham for governor of Florida at 14,000.

George J. Marsh, for over twenty-five years treasurer of the Cape Ann Savings bank at Gloucester, Mass., committed suicide by shooting. His shortage is probably \$100,000.

Saturday, Oct. 10.

President Cleveland and his family have returned to Washington from Gray Gables.

Fully 900,000 people witnessed the gold standard parade in Chicago yesterday, in which 75,000 men participated.

Among yesterday's visiting delegations at Canton were \$1,800 Confederate veterans, who were addressed at length by Candidate McKinley.

The Democratic leaders of Rhode Island have declined to withdraw the name of President Andrews, of Brown University, from their electoral ticket, as he recently requested.

One of the men who robbed the Sherburne (Minn.) bank committed suicide yesterday after he had killed Marshal Callion of the pursuing party. The other robber is under arrest. He declines to give his name, and says the dead robber was his brother.

Sunday, Oct. 12.

Coroner Samuel H. Ashbridge was nominated for sheriff of Philadelphia by the Republicans of that city.

Rev. Crosby H. Wheeler, D. D., for thirty-nine years a missionary at Harpoon, Turkey, died at Auburndale, Mass., yesterday.

J. Montgomery Sears, a Yale graduate, has presented to the University the classical library of the noted German scholar, Ernest Curtin.

While playing around a pile of burning shavings 4-year-old Andrew Hawley was so badly burned that he soon died at his home at Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Dora Rosenstadt, of Baltimore, and an infant were fatally burned by an explosion of kerosene which she was pouring into a lighted lamp.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.

Ex-President Harrison is to make a stumping tour of Indiana in McKinley's interest.

Helen Kollar, blind, deaf, scentless and tasteless, has passed the Harvard college examination with credit.

Thomas B. Reed addressed 2,500 people in Utica, N. Y., last night, and three times as many were turned away from the hall.

The Baltimore baseball club has abandoned the idea of touring England, though several members will visit Europe on a pleasure trip.

In a test case in St. Louis Judge Russell decided that railroads in Missouri must not charge a traveling bicyclist extra for his wheel.

Wednesday, Oct. 14.

P. J. Tynan, the Irish suspect, has been released from a French prison, and is en route to New York.

By the fall of a heavy steel plate at the Standard Oil works at Constable Hook, N. J., Paul Seebach was killed and two others injured.

Paul Lambert, a student in the Theological seminary at Lancaster, Pa., has been appointed professor of English literature in a college at Sandai, Japan.

Illinois' board of review has decided that the "middle of the road" Populist nominees cannot be placed on the official ballot unless by petition and under some other name.

Secretary Morton's Warning.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Secretary Morton has just returned to Washington and resumed his official duties, after an extended vacation in the west. He announced that he would take no part in the election, but added that if he were to vote he would cast his ballot for Palmer and Buckner, whose platform he regarded as satisfactory. "I personally hope for McKinley's election as between McKinley and Bryan," he said, "but I don't think any one of the candidates can rest on their oars with assurance. The Republican party is making a great mistake now in bragging of strength and not doing more work."

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

NANTICOKE, Pa., Oct. 12.—The various collieries operated by the Susquehanna Coal company resumed on full time today. It is said that the company will continue during the remainder of this year, which is good news at least 8,000 miners, laborers and slate pickers.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 12.—John H. Williams died suddenly here Saturday of heart trouble. Mr. Williams was known as the funny man of the Norristown Herald, and had a national reputation. He was born in Montgomery county, Pa., in 1839. Mr. Williams was elected burgess of Norristown in 1894, and this was the only political office he ever held.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 10.—The grand jury yesterday heard testimony on the bills of indictment drawn against Ellias James Jones and Walter Harris, both colored, for the murder of Evers McDarnell and Mary Brown, a colored couple, at Norristown, and returned a true bill against Jones, indicting him for murder in the first degree. Harris was discharged.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 10.—A special train on the Allegheny Valley railroad collided with a hand car on a sharp curve near Dents Run, Cameron county, instantly killing Joseph Kilehuski and fatally injuring two other men. There were six members of a repair gang on the car when it was struck. The force of the collision was so great that it was thrown thirty feet into the air.

CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 12.—Crazed with rum, Frank Higgins, of Colwyn borough, seized an ax and destroyed three bedroom suites at his mother's house. Higgins' brother swore out a warrant, and Officer McCormick, of Darby, attempted to serve it. He knocked Higgins down, and the latter shot at McCormick, the ball striking the officer's shoe. Higgins was lodged in the Media jail.

PORTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 12.—Michael Kline was brought from the Sunbury jail where he had served a term for beating a watchman at a colliery, and is now in the Pottsville jail to await a hearing for being implicated in a burglary with William Zollner and Edward Lowthert, at Shenandoah, in 1893. Flynn, another accomplice, broke jail and is still at large. Kline is also wanted in Clarion county.

PORTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 12.—At half past 8 o'clock in the morning four men made their appearance at Cambridge colliery, near Shenandoah, Pa., and beat the watchman, Thomas Connell, into insensibility, and gagged and bound him hand and foot. They then blew open the safe, expecting to secure the money they supposed was there deposited. In this they were disappointed, as the money had been deposited elsewhere.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Oct. 14.—While out hunting in the woods at Sugar Camp, near Snow Shoe, this county, on Sunday afternoon, Joe Garber and Andrew Freese, two Hungarians, got into a dispute over the possession of a gun. Without any warning Garber fired a heavy charge of buckshot into Freese's breast, killing him instantly. Garber threw the gun away and disappeared into the mountains. He has not been seen since.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Oct. 13.—A fierce fire is raging in the coal ridge workings of Richter & Co.'s Mt. Carmel mine, and line of pipe was laid to the burning mine yesterday in order to extinguish the flames by diverting the creek into that portion of the workings. The fire has been burning since Saturday, and the vein is thirty-five feet in thickness, so considerable apprehension is entertained by the officials and workmen as to the outcome.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 12.—In the United States court here James B. Denworth was convicted of unlawfully retaining a portion of a pension which he held in the capacity of pension agent, secured for Mrs. Mary Flagg, a widow. The amount alleged to have been kept by him is \$25. A motion for a new trial was made, and Denworth was held in \$1,000 bail. Two years ago Mr. Denworth was a candidate for department commander of the G. A. R.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Oct. 12.—An important discovery has been made at the Draper colliery, operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. The Orchard vein was struck and found to be eight feet thick and only has nine inches of refuse. The vein pitches 400 feet. The Orchard vein has never been known to be in this valley before. This discovery will be the means of greatly increasing the shipments and extra employment of labor.

TROY, Pa., Oct. 10.—The body of Adam Bailey was found yesterday in the woods near this place. The man had been murdered by some unknown person, who had so arranged the body and the gun as to make it appear that death resulted from accidental shooting. An examination of the gun, however, revealed the fact that both barrels were loaded. A large hole had been made in Bailey's abdomen by the load from the murderer's gun. The officials have no positive clue.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—Coroner Samuel H. Ashbridge was on Saturday nominated for sheriff to fill the vacancy in the Republican ticket caused by the refusal of James D. Miles to continue in the fight. The convention was reconvened in Industrial Art hall by Chairman A. S. L. Shields, at 4 o'clock, and was a turbulent gathering from start to finish, the nomination only being effected after the delegates who in the original convention had voted for Alexander Crow, Jr., had withdrawn from the ball.

The curious result of the fall in cereals and other products is to render obsolete the cable codes used by shippers and speculators. Prices have gone under the lowest figures which were thought to be possible when the codes were compiled.

The development of the railroad, the bicycle, and other substitutes for the horse has brought about a peculiar condition of affairs. In North Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and Washington, there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand horses roaming around the prairies, and eating the grass that might be used profitably in feeding cattle and sheep. The horses are practically valueless, and the owners are helpless.

The British Government is about to copy a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book in regard to the consular service and the assistance which it can render the commercial interests of the country in providing reports on the state of trade and labor, and the class of merchandise which would be likely to meet a ready market in each particular district. Europe is to be mapped out into four districts, each under the control of a commercial attaché, whose duty it will be to forward systematic reports from his district. Asia is apparently to be treated in the same manner, as consuls are to be sent out to the recently opened ports of Japan and China.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the South of France, informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relatives to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened, it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."

In the North American Sir Walter Besant discusses in a very interesting way the "Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race." He begins with the well established proposition that wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes he absorbs—he is never absorbed. He is a restless and masterful creature. He is never content with what he has, and is both individually and collectively grasping more and more property and power. The Anglo-Saxon possessions at this moment take in 120,000,000 of people who speak English as their native tongue, without counting the Hindoos, who are fast acquiring it. The English speaking race in the sixteenth century did not number more than five millions, but they have come to stay, and where they are located they are destined to remain. The Anglo-Saxon absorbs foreign races like the French, Dutch, German, Italian and the Norwegians. The remarkable fact is that in a hundred years the English speaking race has leaped up from 20,000,000 to 120,000,000 and has extended its possessions to something like the fifth part of the habitable globe. The English speaking race is one great empire and one great republic. The advantage, so far as position and strength go, seems to be with America. While all the States that have come out of Great Britain have had to create their own form of Government, every one has become practically a republic. In the beginning, the development and the present position of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are six great countries, two fully grown, the United States and England, and four, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, practically only in their infancy. The future of this race is one of the greatest and most fascinating problems, adds the Atlanta Journal. It is not an idle boast that English will one day, in all probability, be the language of the great mass of the human family, and that there will be no National power on earth which will compare in strength with those of the Anglo-Saxon.

Come ramble with me through the streets of Day-Dreamland;
The city is charming, and not hard to find.
I wander there often,
When twilight hours soften
The light, and to earthland my weary eyes blind.

All my dear ones inhabit the realms of Day-Dreamland.
They live in rich palaces, lofty and grand;
They fall not to meet me,
And lovingly greet me
Whenever I stroll to their beautiful land.

There lives in the castle of Mother's Fond-Longing,
A maiden, sweet, regal, and loving, and fair,
And pure as the snow and
The blossoms that blow, and
As bright as the sunbeams that dance in her hair.

She looks very much like the sweet child beside me,
Grown older and wiser and oftentimes she leaves
Her palace to come, to
Me, here in my home, to
Alay the dull care which the mother-heart grieves.

And there, in the palace of Fondlest Ambition,
A princely knight dwells, full of goodness and truth.
He's much like the boy who
Is now bringing joy to
My earth-home, in days of his innocent youth.

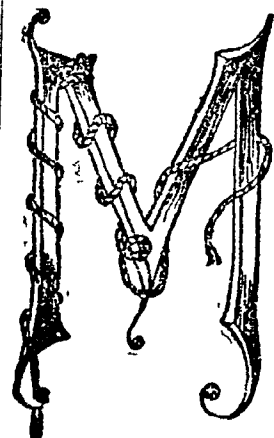
How pure are the rays of the light in Day-Dreamland;
How pleasant the prospect that gladdens the eye;
No earth-clouds arise there,
To darken the skies, where
Fond love is the beacon and hopes never die.

Then come with me now, to the realms of Day-Dreamland;
Rich comforts as I have, you're certain to find.
You'll wander there often
When twilight hours soften
The light, and to earthland your weary eyes blind.

—Josephine Page, in Independent.

THE GIRL AT RANGER'S.

BY CLYDE FORD.



MUD LAKE is an expansion of the old channel on east side of Sugar Island, filling up a big bend of the river. It is roly and dirty, as its name indicates, and its waters are scarcely disturbed by the current, which seems to lose itself almost in its muddy shallows.

Above and below here the river is winding and interesting, losing nothing from the commonplaceness of the lake, which really enhances the beauties of the rest of the river from contrast. Quaint but lonely farm houses are scattered along the Canadian shore, and one or two villages may be found. The Sugar Island shore of the lake is wild and wooded. Now and then there is a clearing, usually marked in the summer time by a hovering pall of smoke, but the few log houses indicate that the settlers are neither numerous nor prosperous.

A half mile below the lower end of the lake is Ranger's Landing, the most important and well-known sign of thrift on the Sugar Island side of the channel. Still, the traveler would probably be disappointed in "Ranger's," as the river folks call the place, for it is just a log dock facing the river at the bend, and long ago fallen into a dilapidation which has been hastened by increased grinding of the boats and washing of the current. The background of the scene is completed by a large barn, a comfortable looking log house, and a few fields.

Ranger's was the place in the palmy days of the channel where boats tied up for the night when caught in a passage up or down. Occasionally a stubborn captain would pass by at dark on his way up, but the fleet departing at daylight next morning usually found him hard aground at some turn of the channel in Mud Lake, and little sympathy did he get. "Slow and sure," is the rule of the river, and anyone who does violence to channel traditions is never pitied.

Before Hay Lake was opened the people at Ranger's flourished. From spring till fall they did a brisk business with the passing shipping, for every boat that tied up could be counted on to buy a few chickens or a basket of potatoes, or butter, or eggs, or something which the people at Ranger's always had and the steamer cooks always needed.

Naturally the family were well known to every captain from Duluth to Buffalo. They were somebody's mutual friends, and enjoyed everybody's good will. The gruffest captain would unconsciously relax into something like amiability as soon as he caught sight of the big gray barn and log house at Ranger's. He might even lean over the railing of his pilot house and greet the old man affably, and perhaps throw a bundle of papers

to Mrs. Ranger if she happened to be on the dock, or at least make some kindly inquiry as to things on the farm. But the chief charm of Ranger's was Ranger's girl. She was a sweet little lass of sixteen or seventeen, and answered to the prosaic name of Jane, "Miss Jane," the captains named her. "How's the folks," "Miss Jane?" they would call out as their big barges rounded the bend, and passed the garden by the landing where she worked; "I shall want some garden truck when I come back." And if they happened to tie up on the return, Miss Jane disposed of more potatoes and butter and chickens than the rest of the family combined.

Dredge No. 4 was stationed for a time one summer just above Ranger's at the entrance to the lake. It worked night and day with two crews; the day crew went to work at six o'clock in the morning and quit at six o'clock at night, when the night crew came on. There wasn't much difference between night work and day work excepting in the matter of sleep. The day men, of course, could sleep all night; but it was not so easy for the night men, sleep days when the sun was blazing down on the tarred roof of the quarter boat. Everybody agreed that the only drawback to night work, paradoxically put, came in the day time. As the summer wore on it got worse and worse with the night crew. If they went ashore to wrap up in their blankets in the bushes, mosquitoes or sand fleas drove them out; if they tried to sleep on the shady side of the quarter boat, some passing steamer would bellow and snort them into wakefulness, so they settled down to sleeping a couple of hours in the morning, and piecing out again with another nap in the afternoon when the sun got low. This was the best plan, but still far from satisfactory, for it left a gap of four or five hours in the middle of the day when there was nothing to eat or do or see, ashore afloat, and when it was impossible to sleep.

Probably it was this that caused Mr. Cole, night inspector on No. 4, to wander down to Ranger's Landing frequently. As is often the case with inspectors, Mr. Cole was not exactly like the men among whom he worked; he talked very much as they did and used all the colloquialisms of the river as freely as they, but still he was not one of them. He treated them well but made no friends among them.

At first Mr. Cole went down to Ranger's to pass the time of the long days on the quarter boat. But as he grew better acquainted he went down from pure enjoyment of having somebody to talk to, somebody with whose life and manners he felt himself somewhat akin. Mr. Cole was not a philosopher or a hermit, and in the exile of uncongenial companionship with the night crew, he often felt a tug of homesickness for surroundings that were not quite so sordid and aimless, so he was often at Ranger's. He was treated with the hospitality that characterizes the plain and honest heartedness of river homes. They were a simple folk at the landing, and Mr. Cole was, they vaguely felt, a man from the outer world, a little of which they saw in the guise of slow moving steamers, and read of in papers that were long since out of date. Mr. and Mrs. Ranger accepted his visits with no embarrassment; but not so Miss Jane. She began to feel for the first time in her life that possibly they were a plain people, yes, uncultured even, on the river. True, she had no very clear ideas of what culture was. How could she have? The only life she saw or knew was summers of work and traffic with passing boats, and long, cold winters when they were shut away from the world by deep snows, furious storms and lonesomeness. The few books she read described a life which she could not imagine to herself; and the men and women who looked down from the steamers on their log house and little farm were people from that vague, mysterious world which she could not comprehend. As long as these thoughts came as passing thoughts she was not disturbed; but Mr. Cole recalled them continually, and in a different way. He talked with her about life on the river, and often fell to picturing life as he knew it himself away from the river. And as she learned more about life elsewhere, she felt an indefinable sense of discontent, or, if not that, of uneasiness when the inspector came to visit them at the landing.

The dredge never worked Sundays, more from deference to some forgotten tradition than piety on the part of the owners. The tug usually went to the Soo for mail, repairs and groceries. Of course, the men went along. Mr. Cole had always gone with them before he made the acquaintance of the people at Ranger's, but now he preferred to spend his Sundays there rather than in the hilarious company that the tug carried on such trips. The men noticed it, and they cracked many jokes at his expense, some sly, some bold. Jokes were jokes, but when a fellow one day made some disparaging remarks about a girl at the landing, Cole promptly knocked him into the river. From this the river commune argued that the inspector was in love. And they were right, they found that out before Mr. Cole did himself.

The inspector had a few books with him on the quarter-boat—books of

poetry and novels. These he carried down to the landing; but nobody read them much except Miss Jane. Poetry was too deep for Ranger's folks; and the novels too foreign to their mode of life. Miss Jane, however, read and re-read them, and Mr. Cole offered explanations occasionally.

One Sunday they sat by the river bank, not far from the house and watched a big passenger boat crawl round the bend.

"I wonder if those folks are like the people of the stories?" Jane asked.

"Of course. Why not?"

"Oh, I dunno, only they seem so happy-like with nothing to do, and folks in the stories are always in trouble, or fallin' in love or—" she stopped in some embarrassment.

"How would you like to live among such people?" Mr. Cole asked when she did not finish her sentence.

"Me?" she said in surprise, "you don't mean that, of course. Why, we people on the river couldn't live among them."

"Why not? So far as I know you river people are as good as they."

"Yes, as good, but it ain't a question of goodness; it's a question of living. What do we know about the world? We ain't nobody, we don't know anything, we never see nobody, we don't even know what good clothes are." Here she stopped in her vehemence and looked at her own shabby dress. Mr. Cole noticed this too.

"Then you are satisfied to live here?" he finally asked.

She hesitated. "I suppose so," she said, "I ain't never known anything else."

After a long silence he remarked, "I'm going to quit the dredge."

"Oh, I knew you would," she burst out, "you are tired of us, too."

"No—not tired, but I think I'd better leave." He was going to explain what he meant, but further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of old man Ranger, and after a while Mr. Cole said he must go back for he had some packing up before he left next day. He looked around to say good-bye to Jane but she had disappeared. As he came down by the river path he found her with the books he had given her. "Here are your books," was all she said. "Won't you keep them, Jane?" he asked kindly, almost tenderly, but she turned around and was going back. He started to follow but stopped. "I go down to-morrow on the Milwaukee," he called after her, but she did not look around.

That was the inspector's last night on the dredge, and he passed abstractedly up and down, lost to the rumble and roar and shriek of the heavy machinery. He was thinking of the girl at Ranger's. He loved the girl; the dredge hands were right after all. But she belonged to the river; he belonged to the outer world; life meant more to him than being in love with some sweet-faced girl of Sugar Island, at least he tried to make himself think this, and so he was going away—to forget her and the river.

At noon the next day the Milwaukee came through Mud Lake, and slowly drew near Ranger's Landing. Her decks were crowded with people who laughed and chatted and promenaded. Some of them glanced casually at the sober-faced man who stood by the gangway on the lower deck, but they forgot him again. He was leaning against a post, and scanned the river bank as the boat turned into the bend. Finally he caught sight of a figure by the garden fence, and a smile came over his face, a radiant gleam of delight. He pulled a boat trailing at the steamer's side up by the gangway opening, threw in his satchel, then sprang in himself. With a few vigorous pushes he cleared the steamer, then drifted off. All this time the figure on the bank by the fence stood motionless, watching the boatman as if entranced. The boat grated on the beach; the man leaped ashore; "Jane," he said, with a glad cry, "I can't leave you. I belong to you and the river."

If the people on the steamer had looked back they could have seen a man and woman leaning arm in arm over the old fence by the dock at Ranger's.—Detroit Free Press.

The Heat in Arizona.

"I have heard a good deal of complaint of the heat since I have been in Washington," said R. A. Reynolds, of Yuma, Arizona, at the St. James. "The people of this city cannot realize how hot it gets in Southwestern Arizona. Cattle die in great numbers, and it is almost impossible for human beings to live there during the summer months. Some extravagant stories are told about the effects of the heat, and I have read of frying eggs in the sand out there. Of course, they do nothing of the kind, but I know an egg story that is true that is nearly as remarkable. I was camping out on the desert not very far from where those two men died, an account of which I read in the Star, and among our provisions were some eggs. Being suspicious of their condition, we did not cook them and did not happen to throw them away. Just left them in the tent. One day I heard a chirping, and upon investigation found that more than half the eggs had hatched."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.

Take it when just right for use and cut from the cob, being careful not to get in any of the cob, put on earthen plates in a hot oven with the door open, stir often until it begins to dry. As it dries away empty two or three plates onto one. The next day it will be nearly dry and soon can be put in paper bags and hung in a warm room. In the winter when you wish to cook it, wash clean and put to soak over night, keep covered in a dish in warming oven until ready to get dinner, then cook slowly twenty minutes in same water, add butter and sweet cream and salt.—New England Homestead.

ART OF SWEEPING.

Sweeping is an art, but there are lots of housekeepers who do not know it. Of what use is it to sweep if you leave the curtains dragging on the floor, the upholstered furniture to catch all the dust flying, and if you flit half the lint into the air, to settle on the oiled furniture and on the walls? The proper and very easiest way to sweep is to push all the movable furniture into the next room and cover up with cloths kept for the purpose the tables, couches and such articles as cannot easily be moved. If you have upholstered furniture that cannot be moved, whip it lightly, then wipe with a clean piece of old silk and cover up. Dust down the pictures and tables before sweeping to remove the old dust that may be there. Sweep slowly and evenly, with long, smooth strokes, after rolling and pinning up the curtains and throwing the windows open. Let the dust settle for half an hour. Then, with a clean soft cloth, go over all the furniture in and out of the room, shaking the dust cloth often in the open air to rid it of gritty dust. A room swept in this manner will remain clean for days, where hours will suffice to litter up the room swept in the common way.—Washington Star.

THE SECRET OF MERINGUE.

"I wish I could make such delicious frosting as yours, Mrs. Parsons," said her neighbor, who had come in the back door to borrow an egg. "I have often beaten my egg so stiff you could cut it with a knife, and then on taking my pie or pudding from the oven, found it as flat as a pancake," she continued, watching Mrs. Parsons heap the snowy mass on her lemon pie.

"Let me tell you a secret I learned all by myself," said Mrs. Parsons, shutting the oven door upon her pie. "Do you always beat your frosting hard after adding the sugar?"

"Why, I don't know. I don't believe I do," was the hesitating answer.

"Then there is the whole trouble," responded Mrs. Parsons. "That is a little secret I learned for myself, as I said. One is very apt after beating the eggs light, to think nothing more is required than to stir in the sugar. The two should be thoroughly beaten with the egg beater and your frosting will be as thick and light after baking as when put into the oven."

"Well," declared Mrs. Martin, "I'm glad I had to borrow this morning, after all, for this egg is to make a frosting for a tapioca pudding. I'll have one that will surprise the folks," and she quickly took her departure.

Having overheard this conversation, it occurred to me that there might be some young housekeepers who had not learned this little secret, which we never saw in a cook book. Of course the old housekeepers can skip this column.—Womankind.

RECIPES.

Toast—Cut neat pieces of stale bread into squares, round or oblong shapes; dip in a batter made from a cup of milk, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of melted butter, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of flour. See that the bread is well saturated with the batter, but not so soft as to break. Fry brown in very hot butter or sweet dripping, and serve with butter or a bit of jelly on each.

Hashed Veal—Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan. Melt without frying, then add a small half-pint of milk. Stir until boiling. Add a large saltspoonful of salt, a good pinch of cayenne, half a teaspoonful of onion juice. Then stir in one large cup of chopped cooked veal, add a pinch of nutmeg and serve on a hot dish, with a poached egg for each person.

Lamb Chops—These may either be broiled or fried. If fried, the spider must be hissing hot. Drop a small lump of butter in the pan, turning so the whole surface will be slightly greased, then put in the chops, cook quickly over a hot fire till brown on both sides, remove to the back of the stove, cover closely and let stand a minute or two. Dish up on a hot platter and have the plates hot also.

Thin Biscuits—One pint flour, one wineglass milk, one tablespoonful butter, one egg. Beat the egg till light, and pour it on the flour, then add the milk, and lastly the butter, melted. Work it well, then break off small pieces, the size of a marble, roll out thin as a wafer, sprinkling with dry flour as you roll them, which will make them crisp. Prick each one with a fork and bake in a quick oven.

One curious result of the fall in cereals and other products is to render obsolete the cable codes used by shippers and speculators. Prices have gone under the lowest figures which were thought to be possible when the codes were compiled.

The development of the railroad, the bicycle, and other substitutes for the horse has brought about a peculiar condition of affairs. In North Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and Washington, there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand horses roaming around the prairies, and eating the grass that might be used profitably in feeding cattle and sheep. The horses are practically valueless, and the owners are helpless.

The British Government is about to copy a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book in regard to the consular service and the assistance which it can render the commercial interests of the country in providing reports on the state of trade and labor, and the class of merchandise which would be likely to meet a ready market in each particular district. Europe is to be mapped out into four districts, each under the control of a commercial attache, whose duty it will be to forward systematic reports from his district. Asia is apparently to be treated in the same manner, as consuls are to be sent out to the recently opened ports of Japan and China.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the South of France, informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relatives to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened, it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."

In the North American Sir Walter Besant discusses in a very interesting way the "Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race." He begins with the well established proposition that wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes he absorbs—he is never absorbed. He is a restless and masterful creature. He is never content with what he has, and is both individually and collectively grasping more and more property and power. The Anglo-Saxon possessions at this moment take in 120,000,000 of people who speak English as their native tongue, without counting the Hindus, who are fast acquiring it. The English speaking race in the sixteenth century did not number more than five millions, but they have come to stay, and where they are located they are destined to remain. The Anglo-Saxon absorbs foreign races like the French, Dutch, German, Italian and the Norwegians. The remarkable fact is that in a hundred years the English speaking race has leaped up from 20,000,000 to 120,000,000 and has extended its possessions to something like the fifth part of the habitable globe. The English speaking race is one great empire and one great republic. The advantage, so far as position and strength go, seems to be with America. While all the States that have come out of Great Britain have had to create their own form of Government, every one has become practically a republic. In the beginning, the development and the present position of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are six great countries, two fully grown, the United States and England, and four, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, practically only in their infancy. The future of this race is one of the greatest and most fascinating problems, adds the Atlanta Journal. It is not an idle boast that English will one day, in all probability, be the language of the great mass of the human family, and that there will be no National power on earth which will compare in strength with those of the Anglo-Saxon.

MY DAY DREAMS.

Come ramble with me through the streets of Day-Dreamland;
The city is charming, and not hard to find.
I wander there often,
When twilight hours soften
The light, and to earthland my weary eyes blind.

All my dear ones inhabit the realms of Day-Dreamland.
They live in rich palaces, lofty and grand;
They fall not to meet me,
And lovingly greet me
Whenever I stroll to their beautiful land.

There lives in the castle of Mother's Fond-Longing,
A maiden, sweet, regal, and loving, and fair,
And pure as the snow and
The blossoms that blow, and
As bright as the sunbeams that dance in her hair.

She looks very much like the sweet child beside me,
Grown older and wiser and oftentimes she leaves
Her palace to come, to
Me, here in my home, to
Alay the dull care which the mother-heart grieves.

And there, in the palace of Fondlest Ambition,
A princely knight dwells, full of goodness and truth.
He's much like the boy who
Is now bringing joy to
My earth-home, in days of his innocent youth.

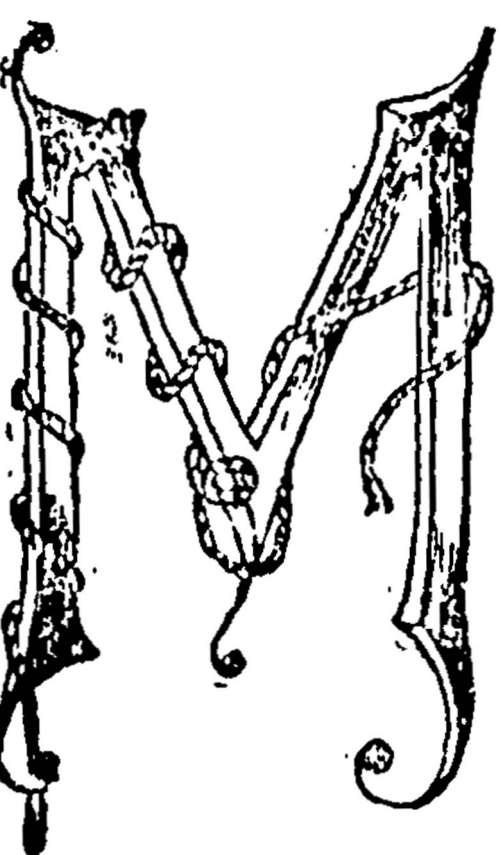
How pure are the rays of the light in Day-Dreamland;
How pleasant the prospect that gladdens the eye;
No earth-clouds arise there,
To darken the skies, where
Fond love is the beacon and hopes never die.

Then come with me now, to the realms of Day-Dreamland;
Rich comforts as I have, you're certain to find.
You'll wander there often
When twilight hours soften
The light, and to earthland your weary eyes blind.

—Josephine Page, in Independent.

THE GIRL AT RANGERS.

BY CLYDE FORD.



MUD LAKE is an expansion of the old channel on east side of Sugar Island, filling up a big bend of the river. It is roly and dirty, as its name indicates, and its waters are scarcely disturbed by the current, which seems to lose itself almost in its muddy shallows.

Above and below here the river is winding and interesting, losing nothing from the commonplaceness of the lake, which really enhances the beauties of the rest of the river from contrast. Quaint but lonely farm houses are scattered along the Canadian shore, and one or two villages may be found. The Sugar Island shore of the lake is wild and wooded. Now and then there is a clearing, usually marked in the summer time by a hovering pall of smoke, but the few log houses indicate that the settlers are neither numerous nor prosperous.

A half mile below the lower end of the lake is Ranger's Landing, the most important and well-known sign of thrift on the Sugar Island side of the channel. Still, the traveler would probably be disappointed in "Ranger's," as the river folks call the place, for it is just a log dock facing the river at the bend, and long ago fallen into a dilapidation which has been hastened by increased grinding of the boats and washing of the current. The background of the scene is completed by a large barn, a comfortable looking log house, and a few fields.

Ranger's was the place in the palmy days of the channel where boats tied up for the night when caught in a passage up or down. Occasionally a stubborn captain would pass by at dark on his way up, but the fleet departing at daylight next morning usually found him hard aground at some turn of the channel in Mud Lake, and little sympathy did he get. "Slow and sure," is the rule of the river, and anyone who does violence to channel traditions is never pitied.

Before Hay Lake was opened the people at Ranger's flourished. From spring till fall they did a brisk business with the passing shipping, for every boat that tied up could be counted on to buy a few chickens or a bushel of potatoes, or butter, or eggs, or something which the people at Ranger's always had and the steamer cooks always needed.

Naturally the family were well known to every captain from Duluth to Buffalo. They were somebody's mutual friends, and enjoyed everybody's good will. The gruffest captain would unconsciously relax into something like amiability as soon as he caught sight of the big gray barn and log house at Ranger's. He might even lean over the railing of his pilot house and greet the old man affably, and perhaps throw a bundle of papers

to Mrs. Ranger if she happened to be on the dock, or at least make some kindly inquiry as to things on the farm.

But the chief charm of Ranger's was Ranger's girl. She was a sweet little lass of sixteen or seventeen, and answered to the prosaic name of Jane, "Miss Jane," the captains named her.

"How's the folks, Miss Jane?" they would call out as their big barges rounded the bend, and passed the garden by the landing where she worked; "I shall want some garden truck when I come back." And if they happened to tie up on the return, Miss Jane disposed of more potatoes and butter and chickens than the rest of the family combined.

Dredge No. 4 was stationed for a time one summer just above Ranger's at the entrance to the lake. It worked night and day with two crews; the day crew went to work at six o'clock in the morning and quit at six o'clock at night, when the night crew came on. There wasn't much difference between night work and day work excepting in the matter of sleep. The day men, of course, could sleep all night; but it was not so easy for the night men to sleep days when the sun was blazing down on the tarred roof of the quarter boat. Everybody agreed that the only drawback to night work, paradoxically put, came in the day time. As the summer wore on it got worse and worse with the night crew. If they went ashore to wrap up in their blankets in the bushes, mosquitoes or sand fleas drove them out; if they tried to sleep on the shady side of the quarter boat, some passing steamer would bellow and snort them into wakefulness, so they settled down to sleeping a couple of hours in the morning, and piecing out again with another nap in the afternoon when the sun got low. This was the best plan, but still far from satisfactory, for it left a gap of four or five hours in the middle of the day when there was nothing to eat or do or see, ashore afloat, and when it was impossible to sleep.

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"Yes, as good, but it ain't a question of goodness; it's a question of living. What do we know about the world? We ain't nobody, we don't know anything, we never see nobody, we don't even know what good clothes are." Here she stopped in her vehemence and looked at her own shabby dress. Mr. Cole noticed this too.

"Then you are satisfied to live here?" he finally asked.

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After a long silence he remarked, "I'm going to quit the dredge."

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Sweeping is an art, but there are lots of housekeepers who do not know it. Of what use is it to sweep if you leave the curtains dragging on the floor, the upholstered furniture to catch all the dust flying, and if you flit half the lint into the air, to settle on the oiled furniture and on the walls? The proper and very easiest way to sweep is to push all the movable furniture into the next room and cover up with cloths kept for the purpose the tables, couches and such articles as cannot easily be moved. If you have upholstered furniture that cannot be moved, whip it lightly, then wipe with a clean piece of old silk and cover up. Dust down the pictures and tables before sweeping to remove the old dust that may be there. Sweep slowly and evenly, with long, smooth strokes, after rolling and pinning up the curtains and throwing the windows open. Let the dust settle for half an hour. Then, with a clean soft cloth, go over all the furniture in and out of the room, shaking the dust cloth often in the open air to rid it of gritty dust. A room swept in this manner will remain clean for days, where hours will suffice to litter up the room swept in the common way.—Washington Star.

THE SECRET OF MERINGUE.

"I wish I could make such delicious frosting as yours, Mrs. Parsons," said her neighbor, who had come in the back door to borrow an egg. "I have often beaten my egg so stiff you could cut it with a knife, and then on taking my pie or pudding from the oven, found it as flat as a pancake," she continued, watching Mrs. Parsons heap the snowy mass on her lemon pie.

"Let me tell you a secret I learned all by myself," said Mrs. Parsons, shutting the oven door upon her pie. "Do you always beat your frosting hard after adding the sugar?"

"Why, I don't know. I don't believe I do," was the hesitating answer.

"Then there is the whole trouble," responded Mrs. Parsons. "That is a little secret I learned for myself, as I said. One is very apt after beating the eggs light, to think nothing more is required than to stir in the sugar. The two should be thoroughly beaten with the egg beater and your frosting will be as thick and light after baking as when put into the oven."

"Well," declared Mrs. Martin, "I'm glad I had to borrow this morning, after all, for this egg is to make a frosting for a tapioca pudding. I'll have one that will surprise the folks," and she quickly took her departure.

Having overheard this conversation, it occurred to me that there might be some young housekeepers who had not learned this little secret, which we never saw in a cook book. Of course the old housekeepers can skip this column.—Womankind.

RECIPES.

Toast—Cut neat pieces of stale bread into squares, round or oblong shapes; dip in a batter made from a cup of milk, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of melted butter, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of flour. See that the bread is well saturated with the batter, but not so soft as to break. Fry brown in very hot butter or sweet dripping, and serve with butter or a bit of jelly on each.

Hashed Veal—Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan. Melt without frying, then add a small half-pint of milk. Stir until boiling. Add a large saltspoonful of salt, a good pinch of cayenne, half a teaspoonful of onion juice. Then stir in one large cup of chopped cooked veal, add a pinch of nutmeg and serve on a hot dish, with a poached egg for each person.

Lamb Chops—These may either be broiled or fried. If fried, the spider must be hissing hot. Drop a small lump of butter in the pan, turning so the whole surface will be slightly greased, then put in the chops, cook quickly over a hot fire till brown on both sides, remove to the back of the stove, cover closely and let stand a minute or two. Dish up on a hot platter and have the plates hot also.

Thin Biscuits—One pint flour, one wineglass milk, one tablespoonful butter, one egg. Beat the egg till light, and pour it on the flour, then add the milk, and lastly the butter, melted. Work it well, then break off small pieces, the size of a marble, roll out thin as a wafer, sprinkling with dry flour as you roll them, which will make them crisp. Prick each one with a fork and bake in a quick oven.

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THE War Department is seriously contemplating the training of dogs for use in the army. Abroad they have been found most valuable in campaigning, and many German regiments already have canine contingents. In fact, the animals are considered an essential part of the fighting organization and are as carefully drilled as the men. Before long all of the great foreign military establishments will have troops of four-legged soldiers, and it will not do for this country to lag behind.

Dogs, properly selected and educated, make the best sort of scout and the most capable carriers of orders in the field. They are particularly useful for transmitting information, for conveying messages from advanced patrols, and in maintaining communication between posts and pickets. Also they do excellent work in hunting up missing men. Their natural qualities of docility, watchfulness, speed, acuteness of senses, and affection for man render them conspicuously adaptable for military service. No regiment ought to be without a squad.

The business of training war dogs has been reduced to a perfect system. There is a complete course of canine pedagogy, with lessons as carefully formulated as those of grammar and arithmetic for children. The dog's intelligence, like the child's, is developed step by step. The lessons pass gradually from the simple to the difficult, and care is taken never to demand more of the animal than is intelligible to him. When he understands what is expected of him, the next thing is to fix in his mind what he has learned by constant practice before passing to another subject. Imperfect learning of an exercise is apt to lead to misunderstandings on the part of the dog which are difficult to eradicate.

The fewer punishments the better. Only disobedience is to be punished. To punish the dog for failure to comprehend is not only unreasonable on the trainer's part, but calculated to mar the results aimed at. Beating must not be resorted to when scolding will suffice. Rewards should be given sparingly. It is not advisable habitually to give the animal tidbits, since they distract his attention. In most cases words of praise and affection are a sufficient reward. A certain amount of training goes naturally with the early bringing up of the pup, but the education proper should not be begun before he is at least six months old. It may be remarked here that the war dog is always of the male persuasion; females are kept only for breeding purposes.

The Germans consider the efficiency of their war dogs of such importance that an immense amount of labor is expended in training them. They receive instruction at night as well as in the day time. One important thing they learn is to growl and not to bark when a stranger is near, and this is taught them by practice in the dark. The hearing of a dog is more accurate and its alertness greater at night than by day. An animal that can be counted on to growl on the approach of a stranger without giving an alarm is calculated to be particularly useful to the sentinel. Watchfulness is inborn in the dog and may easily be cultivated. The beast must be taught not to bite under any circumstances. Fierce dogs are unsuitable for military service.

The war dog wears a collar that has a metal plate bearing the name of the company to which he is attached, as, for example, "Rifle Battery 3, 2 Comp." He carries a small canvas pouch, which is closed by a button or buckle. These articles, with a chain for fastening him when required, constitute the whole of his equipment. The canvas receptacle is called a "report pouch." An idea of its purpose is communicated to the dog by putting written messages into it in his presence when he departs on a mission and taking them out on his arrival. He soon learns that he is carrying something from one end of the trip that is wanted at the other. This business of conveying messages is the most important thing that the animal has to learn. He ought to be able after a while to go a distance of two miles or more and return.

It is important that the dog shall go straight to his destination, taking the shortest practicable route. During the process of training, therefore, men are stationed along the track which he is to pursue, and if they call to him and try to divert him from his object. If he pays any attention to them he is scolded or punished. The distance traversed is very short at the beginning and is gradually increased. The dog is taught to cross water by swimming. He is made accustomed to the firing of guns by taking him to the target range, and his first actual service may be in carrying messages between the firing stand and the markers. The final test of the animal's capableness is his willingness

and ability to do the same work as ordered by somebody else than his instructor. He must be taught that he is not to obey his master alone. Intelligence on the trainer's part is as necessary as in the dog, for no two dogs are exactly alike in character, and each one must be studied as an individual.

To hunt for missing men is a notable feature of the war dog's education. In future battles, doubtless, many a wounded soldier's life will be saved by the efforts of the canine contingent. The animal trained in this business is first taught to search a small tract of brush or woods in the daytime, or a piece of ground at night, and, as soon as he has found a man, to stay with him and bark until his master comes up. He must learn to bark at command, and to bark continuously before a man who is lying on the ground. At the beginning the assistant hides himself and is searched for by the trainer and his dog. The dog easily finds the man, and tries to take from him some article of clothing, perhaps a cap, and brings it to his master. If he does so he is made much of and called on to search again. He runs back to the concealed man and takes from him some other article. If unsuccessful he will bark, and is encouraged to keep on barking. Next it is necessary to make the dog understand that searching for the man alone is what is required of him. When the dog barks the trainer hastens toward him, and, when the man is found, pets and praises the animal. Commonly a dummy man is used for hiding. To teach a dog when to bark, instruction must be begun early.

War dogs are kept with the utmost care, to prevent uncleanness and disease. Their kennels, of brick or planks, are cleaned every twenty-four hours. Their metal feed vessels are scrubbed daily and are removed from the kennels after being used. Sick dogs are kept apart. During the first year the puppies get nothing but milk and dog cake; afterward the remnants from the men's table are added. In Germany a special fund is set aside for the keep of the war dogs. It is considered worth while to teach the animals tricks of all sorts, because their intelligence is developed.—Boston Transcript.

Deadly Drop Handle Bars.

The Herald told the other day of a young man named Frederick Gallagher, who was stricken with paralysis while riding the bicycle near Morris-town, N. J. The young man's companions carried him to a doctor in Mount Hope, who said that his seizure was due to excessive use of a wheel with drop handle bars. Under treatment the patient partially recovered.

Gallagher's case should be a warning to all bicyclists against scorching and the deadly handle bar.

"This is the first case of the kind that has come to my notice," a well known doctor said to me the other day, "but I have often wondered why there were not more."

"Whenever a wheelman lays hold of a handle bar he puts his arms in an unnatural position and over exercises the extensor muscles. These muscles are supplied by the brachial and median nerves, and undue fatigue of the nerves means the exhaustion of the nerves. Such abuse would naturally be reported promptly at the brachial plexus, whence a message would be sent to the brain. Paralysis is the logical result."

"Scorching of any kind is bad enough, but scorching on a drop handle bar machine is an insult to every law of nature, and every man that practices it incurs a grave risk. He may not be paralyzed in the act, as Gallagher was, but he incurs the risk of such a seizure, and if he persists is bound to have one. It is only a question of time."—New York Herald.

The Largest Ship in the World.

According to Prometheus the largest ship in the world is building at the Vulcan shipyard in Bredon, near Stettin, Germany, for the Hamburg-American line. The same builders constructed the first large express steamer built in Germany, the Augusta Victoria, of the same line. The new monster has length of 625 feet on the waterline, and is therefore considerably larger than the Campania, which is 600 feet in length between perpendiculars. The engines will have 27,000 horse power and a speed of twenty-two knots is expected. The engines and boilers will also be furnished by the Vulcan shipyards. Construction has been commenced already.

A Test for Horseflesh.

M. Humbert, through the Reveil de Medicine Veterinaire, tells us that chemical tests will determine whether a given specimen of meat is from the horse or from the flesh of any other animals usually used for food; fifty grammes of meat are boiled for one hour in 200 grammes of water, and then the decoction is set aside to cool. When cool, nitric acid in the proportion of five per cent. is added, and into this is dropped drop by drop, some of Gram's iodure solution, or in its place a solution of iodized water which has been well iodized by the aid of heat; if horseflesh is present there will appear a deep violet-red circle. Neither beef, veal, mutton nor pork will furnish the same reaction.

WISE WORDS.

We want no time, but diligence, for great performances.

A man seldom thinks of reforming until he goes broke.

A man's best friend is the one who marries the girl that jilted him.

Shallow men are generally despised, but they don't require as much watching as deep ones.

The true ballot reform is that which enables the voter and not the politician to do the voting.

Some people want to hide their light under a bushel, when an empty sardine can would serve just as well.

A girl is never considered a good singer until she has caused a concert to be postponed because she has a cold.

It is rather discouraging to a man to be forced to wait until he is dead in order to discover what a good fellow he was.

When a boy begins to wash his neck without being told, it is a sign that he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.

Times may be as good now as they ever were, but it is waste of time to argue the point with a man who has an empty stomach.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

A woman can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to the gates of paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin.

The Kangaroo.

Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, with Mr. (afterward Sir Joseph) Banks, set sail in 1768, and the observation of Venus having been completed, proceeded in the spring of 1770 to Eastern Australia, visiting among other places a spot which, on account of the number of new and strange plants there to be found, received the name of "Botany Bay." Subsequently, when detained by an accident in Endeavor River, some sailors sent on shore reported they "had seen an animal as large as a greyhound, of slender make, and extremely swift." "Two days afterward," Captain Cook continues, "as I was walking in the morning at a little distance from the ship, I myself saw one of the animals." A fortnight afterward (July 8) some of the crew "set out with the first dawn in search of game, and in a walk of many miles they saw four animals of the same kind, two of which Mr. Banks's greyhound fairly chased, but they threw him out at a great distance by leaping over the long, thick grass, which prevented his running. This animal was observed not to run upon four legs, but to bound or leap forward upon two, like the jerboa. This animal is called by the natives kangaroo. The next day our kangaroo was dressed for dinner and proved most excellent meat." Such is the earliest notice of the observation of this animal by Englishmen.

As Australia became better known it was found to be inhabited by beasts of many kinds, all of which were previously unknown, while they almost all agreed with the American opossums, in that they were "pouched" or "marsupial" animals. Not unnaturally, therefore, some of these creatures were also called "oposums," though the name had better have been reserved for the American marsupials exclusively, which are the only "true opossums."—Fortnightly Review.

Onions as a Nerve Tonic.

A German scientist says that people who habitually use onions are much less liable to nervous diseases than those who affect to despise them. They tone up systems that are run down and assist the digestion and assimilation of food. As an interesting item in this connection, the same scientist says that if a sprig of parsley is chopped fine, sprinkled with vinegar and eaten after onions, there will be no trace of this vegetable on the breath. This is well worth knowing, if true, and certainly it is not difficult to try the experiment. As a further item of interest in regard to onions, it is claimed that they are one of the best cleansers of the skin, and that onion eaters, all other things being equal, will have the finest of complexions. This being the case, the market value of onions and parsley ought to increase with great rapidity.

A Blind Physician.

Dr. James R. Cocke, a well-known physician of Boston, is entirely blind. In speaking of him the Boston Journal says: "So far as can be ascertained there is only one man who, blind from infancy, has taken up the study of medicine and succeeded. That man is James R. Cocke, whose book, 'Blind Leaders of the Blind,' has just been issued. Dr. Cocke has met with deserved success in his profession, and in his home in Boston is surrounded by all that a man of cultivated tastes would choose. He is a member of the Boston Athletic Association, where his chief enjoyment is in the game of tennis, which he plays, as he does everything else, with zest and enthusiasm."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

London will soon substitute electricity for steam in its underground railways.

Electric coal mining machinery is being rapidly introduced in Western Pennsylvania.

The non-tidal part of the Thames is 138 miles in length and drains an area of 6000 square miles.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 3004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

The British admiralty is about to take up the work of training carrier pigeons for conveying messages at sea.

The annual number of births is estimated at 36,792,000—an average number of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour and seventy a minute.

The Thames scoops out of its bank about 500,000 tons of matter in a year. The Mississippi is doing similar work, but at the rate of 300,000,000 tons a year.

According to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attain the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of sixty.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour and sixty-seven a minute.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of seventeen.

The Roentgen rays burn the skin like sunlight is the latest information from Berlin about the phenomenon. Professors Grumbach and Dubois Raymond have succeeded in rendering visible some of the softer parts of the body, like the larynx and the diaphragm, by means of improved tubes.

Professor J. E. Todd, State Geologist of South Dakota, who is in charge of a geological surveying expedition party in the Black Hill, discovered an old volcano on Sand Creek, in the Bad Lands, near Formosa. Near the junction of Sand Creek and White River is a hill eighty feet high. This hill vibrates and groans with constancy. Its tremblings have upset wagons and the Indians are much in fear of it.

The Tables Turned.

Alphonse Karr, the well-known French humorist, told the following story in a circle of friends, vouching for its truth: He owned an estate in the southern part of France, and one of his neighbors was an elderly Italian Count, whose library was exceedingly well stocked and was considered a sight well worth seeing in that locality. One day the witty author of "Les Guepes," who had not yet met his neighbor, sent a servant with a card to him, requesting the loan of a certain book. The Count replied in a very polite note that he was extremely sorry that he could not oblige Mr. Karr, but that it was with him a matter of principle never to loan any books for use outside of his own library. At the same time he invited his neighbor to come to his house at any time, and his library would be at Mr. Karr's disposal all day. Karr, who was anxious to obtain certain information, went to the Count's house and made notes from the particular book in the Count's library that he wanted.

A short time afterward the Count needed a sprinkler, and sent to his literary neighbor, asking for the loan of one. Karr, who had not forgotten the way his request for a book had been answered, now sent to the Count an extremely polite note, couched in the following terms: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you by the loan of a sprinkler, but as a matter of principle I could not possibly allow my sprinkler to be used outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."—Philadelphia Record.

A Crack Shot.

"Out our way we are apt to think that an Eastern man cannot shoot a pistol," said H. T. Jenkinson, of Cheyenne, at the Metropolitan, "but I had one experience at Laramie that convinced me this idea is incorrect. A finely dressed young man stepped into a saloon to get a drink, where a lot of cowboys were having a good time. The sight of the 'tenderfoot' was the signal for some fun, and half-a-dozen pistols were drawn just to scare the man from the States. The stranger wore a silk hat, and the cry went up, 'shoot the tile.' The man turned with his glass at his lips and without a tremor drew a pistol from his coat pocket. By the time the drink was swallowed six pistols lay on the floor; he had shot every one of them out of their owners' hands. They crowded around him, and the tenderfoot was not allowed to pay for anything that night."—Washington Star.

It is a pity the weather department can't be arrested for scorching.—Chicago Dispatch.

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J. L. KENDLEHART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Late practicing in Philadelphia, has removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house, in the room recently occupied by the Hon. S. Mc Swope. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

WM. HERSH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite court house, in room lately occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope.

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WM. M'SHERRY, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, liens and collections.

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NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford. GEORGE H. LITTLE, Proprietor. All modern conveniences. Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. Pitt street, convenient to depot.

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HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown. J. H. McMaster, Proprietor. Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

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The Best Brands of Flour, Coarse and Fine Salt, etc. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore. Returning leaves Hilt Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

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It is important that the dog shall go straight to his destination, taking the shortest practicable route. During the process of training, therefore, men are stationed along the track which he is to pursue, and they call to him and try to divert him from his object. If he pays any attention to them he is scolded or punished. The distance traversed is very short at the beginning and is gradually increased. The dog is taught to cross water by swimming. He is made accustomed to the firing of guns by taking him to the target range, and his first actual service may be in carrying messages between the firing stand and the markers. The final test of the animal's capableness is his willingness

and ability to do the same work when led by somebody else than his instructor. He must be taught that he is not to obey his master alone. Intelligence on the trainer's part is as necessary as in the dog, for no two dogs are exactly alike in character, and each one must be studied as an individual.

To hunt for missing men is a notable feature of the war dog's education. In future battles, doubtless, many a wounded soldier's life will be saved by the efforts of the canine contingent. The animal trained in this business is first taught to search a small tract of brush or woods in the daytime, or a piece of ground at night, and, as soon as he has found a man, to stay with him and bark until his master comes up. He must learn to bark at command, and to bark continuously before a man who is lying on the ground. At the beginning the assistant hides himself and is searched for by the trainer and his dog. The dog easily finds the man, and tries to take from him some article of clothing, perhaps a cap, and brings it to his master. If he does so he is made much of and called on to search again. He runs back to the concealed man and takes from him some other article. If unsuccessful he will bark, and is encouraged to keep on barking. Next it is necessary to make the dog understand that searching for the man alone is what is required of him. When the dog barks the trainer hastens toward him, and, when the man is found, pets and praises the animal. Commonly a dummy man is used for hiding. To teach a dog when to bark, instruction must be begun early.

War dogs are kept with the utmost care, to prevent uncleanness and disease. Their kennels, of brick or planks, are cleaned every twenty-four hours. Their metal feed vessels are scrubbed daily and are removed from the kennels after being used. Sick dogs are kept apart. During the first year the puppies get nothing but milk and dog cake; afterward the remnants from the men's table are added. In Germany a special fund is set aside for the keep of the war dogs. It is considered worth while to teach the animals tricks of all sorts, because their intelligence is developed.—Boston Transcript.

Deadly Drop Handle Bars.

The Herald told the other day of a young man named Frederick Gallagher, who was stricken with paralysis while riding the bicycle near Morristown, N. J. The young man's companions carried him to a doctor in Mount Hope, who said that his seizure was due to excessive use of a wheel with drop handle bars. Under treatment the patient partially recovered. Gallagher's case should be a warning to all bicyclists against scorching and the deadly handle bar.

"This is the first case of the kind that has come to my notice," a well known doctor said to me the other day, "but I have often wondered why there were not more.

"Whenever a wheelman lays hold of a handle bar he puts his arms in an unnatural position and over exercises the extensor muscles. These muscles are supplied by the brachial and median nerves, and undue fatigue of the nerves means the exhaustion of the nerves. Such abuse would naturally be reported promptly at the brachial plexus, whence a message would be sent to the brain. Paralysis is the logical result.

"Scorching of any kind is bad enough, but scorching on a drop handle bar machine is an insult to every law of nature, and every man that practices it incurs a grave risk. He may not be paralyzed in the act, as Gallagher was, but he incurs the risk of such a seizure, and if he persists is bound to have one. It is only a question of time."—New York Herald.

The Largest Ship in the World.

According to Prometheus the largest ship in the world is building at the Vulcan shipyard in Bremen, near Stettin, Germany, for the Hamburg-American line. The same builders constructed the first large express steamer built in Germany, the Augusta Victoria, of the same line. The new monster has length of 625 feet on the waterline, and is therefore considerably larger than the Campania, which is 600 feet in length between perpendiculars. The engines will have 27,000 horse power and a speed of twenty-two knots is expected. The engines and boilers will also be furnished by the Vulcan shipyards. Construction has been commenced already.

A Test for Horseflesh.

M. Humbert, through the Revell de Medicine Veterinaire, tells us that chemical tests will determine whether a given specimen of meat is from the horse or from the flesh of any other animals usually used for food; fifty grammes of meat are boiled for one hour in 200 grammes of water, and then the decoction is set aside to cool. When cool, nitric acid in the proportion of five per cent. is added, and in this is dropped drop by drop, some of Gram's iodure solution, or in its place a solution of iodized water which has been well iodized by the aid of heat; if horseflesh is present there will appear a deep violet-red circle. Neither beef, veal, mutton nor pork will furnish the same reaction.

WISE WORDS.

We want no time, but diligence, for great performances.

A man seldom thinks of reforming until he goes broke.

A man's best friend is the one who marries the girl that jilted him.

Shallow men are generally despised, but they don't require as much watching as deep ones.

The true ballot reform is that which enables the voter and not the politician to do the voting.

Some people want to hide their light under a bushel, when an empty sardine can would serve just as well.

A girl is never considered a good singer until she has caused a concert to be postponed because she has a cold.

It is rather discouraging to a man to be forced to wait until he is dead in order to discover what a good fellow he was.

When a boy begins to wash his neck without being told, it is a sign that he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.

Times may be as good now as they ever were, but it is waste of time to argue the point with a man who has an empty stomach.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

A woman can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to the gates of paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin.

The Kangaroo.

Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, with Mr. (afterward Sir Joseph) Banks, set sail in 1768, and the observation of Venus having been completed, proceeded in the spring of 1770 to Eastern Australia, visiting among other places a spot which, on account of the number of new and strange plants there to be found, received the name of "Botany Bay." Subsequently, when detained by an accident in Endeavor River, some sailors sent on shore reported they "had seen an animal as large as a greyhound, of slender make, and extremely swift." "Two days afterward," Captain Cook continues, "as I was walking in the morning at a little distance from the ship, I myself saw one of the animals." A fortnight afterward (July 8) some of the crew "set out with the first dawn in search of game, and in a walk of many miles they saw four animals of the same kind, two of which Mr. Banks's greyhound fairly chased, but they threw him out at a great distance by leaping over the long, thick grass, which prevented his running. This animal was observed not to run upon four legs, but to bound or leap forward upon two, like the jerboa. This animal is called by the natives kangaroo. The next day our kangaroo was dressed for dinner and proved most excellent meat." Such is the earliest notice of the observation of this animal by Englishmen.

As Australia became better known it was found to be inhabited by beasts of many kinds, all of which were previously unknown, while they almost all agreed with the American opossums, in that they were "pouched" or "marsupial" animals. Not unnaturally, therefore, some of these creatures were also called "oposums," though the name had better have been reserved for the American marsupials exclusively, which are the only "true opossums."—Fortnightly Review.

Onions as a Nerve Tonic.

A German scientist says that people who habitually use onions are much less liable to nervous diseases than those who affect to despise them. They tone up systems that are run down and assist the digestion and assimilation of food. As an interesting item in this connection, the same scientist says that if a sprig of parsley is chopped fine, sprinkled with vinegar and eaten after onions, there will be no trace of this vegetable on the breath. This is well worth knowing, if true, and certainly it is not difficult to try the experiment. As a further item of interest in regard to onions, it is claimed that they are one of the best cleansers of the skin, and that onion eaters, all other things being equal, will have the finest of complexions. This being the case, the market value of onions and parsley ought to increase with great rapidity.

A Blind Physician.

Dr. James R. Cooke, a well-known physician of Boston, is entirely blind. In speaking of him the Boston Journal says: "So far as can be ascertained there is only one man who, blind from infancy, has taken up the study of medicine and succeeded. That man is James R. Cooke, whose book, 'Blind Leaders of the Blind,' has just been issued. Dr. Cooke has met with deserved success in his profession, and in his home in Boston is surrounded by all that a man of cultivated tastes would choose. He is a member of the Boston Athletic Association, where his chief enjoyment is in the game of tennis, which he plays, as he does everything else, with zest and enthusiasm."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

London will soon substitute electricity for steam in its underground railway.

Electric coal mining machinery is being rapidly introduced in Western Pennsylvania.

The non-tidal part of the Thames is 138 miles in length and drains an area of 6000 square miles.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 3004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

The British admiralty is about to take up the work of training carrier pigeons for conveying messages at sea.

The annual number of births is estimated at 36,792,000—an average number of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour and seventy a minute.

The Thames scoops out of its bank about 500,000 tons of matter in a year. The Mississippi is doing similar work, but at the rate of 300,000 tons a year.

According to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attain the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of sixty.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour and sixty-seven a minute.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of seventeen.

The Roentgen rays burn the skin like sunlight is the latest information from Berlin about the phenomenon. Professors Grumbach and Dubois Raymond have succeeded in rendering visible some of the softer parts of the body, like the larynx and the diaphragm, by means of improved tubes.

Professor J. E. Todd, State Geologist of South Dakota, who is in charge of a geological surveying expedition party in the Black Hill, discovered an old volcano on Sand Creek, in the Bad Lands, near Formosa. Near the junction of Sand Creek and White River is a hill eighty feet high. This hill vibrates and groans with constancy. Its tremblings have upset wagons and the Indians are much in fear of it.

The Tables Turned.

Alphonse Karr, the well-known French humorist, told the following story in a circle of friends, vouching for its truth: He owned an estate in the southern part of France, and one of his neighbors was an elderly Italian Count, whose library was exceedingly well stocked and was considered a sight well worth seeing in that locality. One day the witty author of "Les Guepes," who had not yet met his neighbor, sent a servant with a card to him, requesting the loan of a certain book. The Count replied in a very polite note that he was extremely sorry that he could not oblige Mr. Karr, but that it was with him a matter of principle never to loan any books for use outside of his own library. At the same time he invited his neighbor to come to his house at any time, and his library would be at Mr. Karr's disposal all day. Karr, who was anxious to obtain certain information, went to the Count's house and made notes from the particular book in the Count's library that he wanted.

A short time afterward the Count needed a sprinkler, and sent to his literary neighbor, asking for the loan of one. Karr, who had not forgotten the way his request for a book had been answered, now sent to the Count an extremely polite note, couched in the following terms: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you by the loan of a sprinkler, but as a matter of principle I could not possibly allow my sprinkler to be used outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."—Philadelphia Record.

A Crack Shot.

"Out our way we are apt to think that an Eastern man cannot shoot a pistol," said H. T. Jenkinson, of Cheyenne, at the Metropolitan, "but I had one experience at Laramie that convinced me this idea is incorrect. A finely dressed young man stepped into a saloon to get a drink, where a lot of cowboys were having a good time. The sight of the 'tenderfoot' was the signal for some fun, and half-a-dozen pistols were drawn just to scare the man from the States. The stranger wore a silk hat, and the cry went up, 'shoot the tile.' The man turned with his glass at his lips and without a tremor drew a pistol from his coat pocket. By the time the drink was swallowed six pistols lay on the floor; he had shot every one of them out of their owners' hands. They crowded around him, and the tenderfoot was not allowed to pay for anything that night."—Washington Star.

It is a pity the weather department can't be arrested for scorching.—Chicago Dispatch.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. Capr 95

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bango—No. 5 Canal street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence, ABBOTTSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. 23 Jun 95

Wm. McLEAN. Late Pres. Judge. **Wm. ARCH McCLEAN.**

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Offices west side of Baltimore street, third door from West Square.

J. L. KENDLEHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Lately practicing in Philadelphia, has removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house, in the room recently occupied by the Hon. S. Mc Swope. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite court house, in room lately occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope.

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank. 190094

WM. M'SHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, liens and collections.

JOHN B. McPHERSON, DONALD P. McPHERSON,
McPHERSON & McPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PENN.
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

EDWARD A. WEAVER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office over Ames Eckert's store, northeast corner of the Square. Will carefully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

J. A. KITZMILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Will promptly attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brennehan's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford.
GEORGE H. LITTLE, Proprietor.
All modern conveniences. Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. Pitt street, convenient to depot.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg.
ELIAS FISSEL, Proprietor.
The Hotel has lately been improved and refitted. Parlor on second floor. Restaurant connected with the hotel where everything in season will be furnished to gentlemen on the first floor and ladies on the second floor. Bar stocked with all new goods. First-class hostler will take best care of transient horses. Opposite W. M. Depot, one square from P. & R.

HOTEL GETTYSBURG,
Located on Centre Square, where McClellan House formerly stood, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. & D. K. MILLER, Proprietors.
Headquarters League American Wheelmen. Headquarters of Capt. Jas. T. Long, guide and delineator. Steam heat, electric light and call bells. A first-class livery attached to hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg.
Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well known Central Hotel, I take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to jurors and those attending court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McCAVITT, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.
FRANK FLESHMAN, Proprietor.

House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

GO TO---!
Ceo. A. Klingel's Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Conceived at the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery on any part of the borough.
Our Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves HANOVER STATION every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

Hard Times and Individual Expenses.

The hard times which at present afflict the mass of men, however they may be accounted for by the theories of opposing parties, are due to a considerable extent to the individuals who make up this mass. The disregard of the future in the enjoyment of the present; the fatal waste of whatever means they may possess by small expenses, "by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm caution"—these are the sources of hard times to large numbers of men. Of course, there are the great and unexpected losses that come by fire, flood and various calamities; but these are only occasional, and for the most part afflict only the few. No doubt, legislation may produce conditions that hinder prosperity and fetter the operations of industry; but even so, it is obvious that those who cut off small and superfluous expenses, who economize, who seek shelter, so to speak, while the storm lasts, will emerge from it in a state of measurable independence which will be wholly lost to those who have not adopted these precautionary measures of prudence.

It is not only the facility with which means are wasted by small expenses that impairs fortunes; this is an era of speculation, and the tendency of the times is to take great risks in the expectation of great profits. Races and the stock and produce exchanges afford the means of tempting fortune to the utmost; and they never lack votaries. The reasonable gains arising from the ordinary pursuits of life are too frequently swallowed up by ventures in the various fields of speculation. The sums lost in England by all classes and conditions of men and women on the races are appalling. The sums lost in America on stocks, or grain, or oil are no less appalling. It may be said that equally great sums are gained by the ups and downs of the market. This, no doubt, is true; but how much comfort will that afford those who have lost all, or even part, of what they possessed by the operations of the exchanges?

The speculative mania makes the ordinary gains of industry distasteful. It makes great numbers of men restless and discontented; it withdraws their minds from study and reflection, from interest in legitimate callings, and engages them well nigh wholly on schemes of chance. If manners be as important to a people as Mr. Burke tells us they are, the dignity, the repose, the grace which characterize them and lend to them their peculiar charm are not likely to be acquired in a nation given up to maddening game of speculation. But manners apart, there can be no doubt, we think, that any people whose acquisitions come from peaceful occupation, from the daily pursuit of manual or professional labors, from the work of the farm, mill, shop or office, under conditions that give a just equivalent for these labors of hand or brain, are a people whose prosperity and happiness will be a firm support to the State and an augury of a high civilization. At any rate, they are a people who will not remain long in the shadow of hard times, but whose course will be upward and onward, overcoming all impediments.

Policemen vs. Citizens.

Judge Biddle, of Carlisle, in the trial of John Belt for resisting arrest defined the delicate point in this matter very concisely. It is well worth taking note by all people because there has been some misunderstanding in the mind of the public in regard to it. We have heard braggadocio talk about the rights of people in resisting our officers, and we have tried heretofore to correct the wrong impression. The borough officers have no right to arrest a man without a warrant unless they personally see him committing a breach of the peace, but on the other hand if they do arrest a citizen, even without warrant or justification, the citizen should not resist the officer nor go into any altercation with him. He should go along with the officer, ask for a habeas corpus, and when the release is given by the court, then make the officer sweat for making a false arrest. But citizens have no right to resist an officer, who is always to be presumed to have proper authority for what he does.—Sentinel.

The Methodist Conference at Tawanda adjourned after receiving the new appointments Monday. Its 36, 613 members are credited with raising \$50,000 for benevolence last year.

FOR SHERIFF.



E. M. WIERMAN.

E. M. Wierman was born in Menallen township in 1844, a son of Conrad and Sarah (Hummer) Wierman, and attended school in the same township. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private and served in Captain Warren's Independent Company, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry. He is now a member of Sarg. T. F. Elden Post, No. 507, G. A. R., of which post he was commander in 1888.

In 1866 he was joined in marriage to Miss Emma, daughter of John I. Mullen, to which union three children were born; a son, Harry G., who was killed in Philadelphia some years ago, while in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad; and two daughters. Mrs. Wierman died in 1872. Some years after Mr. Wierman was married to Miss Cullings, a daughter of John and Hannah (Bender) Cullings.

Mr. Wierman is a farmer, in which occupation he has been engaged in Tyrone township since 1879. He has served as School Director in that township for six years, three as President of the Board and one as Treasurer. He would make an efficient sheriff and we therefore ask for him the support of the voters of Adams county.

WM. HERSH, ESQ.

As we said last week "there is scarcely any office within the gift of the people of much more importance than that of the District Attorney," and we again reiterate that statement, and would respectfully impress upon our readers the importance of choosing men of ability and good judgment to fill such office. We think the recent Republican County Convention did this very thing when they placed William Hersh, Esq., on the ticket as their nominee for District Attorney.

Mr. Hersh was born in New Oxford, Adams County, Oct. 11, 1870. He is a son of Capt. James Hersh, ex-Sheriff of Adams county, and was raised on the Meadow Valley Farm in Cumberland township. He lived there for 17 years, and while attending Boyd's School, worked on the farm and helped in the care of the stock. He attended Pennsylvania College and graduated in 1891, and then began the study of law with Wm. McSherry, Jr., Esq., one of the most prominent practitioners in the Adams County Courts, and was admitted to the bar, September 17th, 1892. He has served successfully for several years as Attorney for the Boroughs of Gettysburg, Littlestown, and Bendersville, but has not sought public office.

By incessant application and devotion to duty, he has won a good practice and is recognized as one of the brightest and most capable young lawyers at the Bar. He has had considerable practice in the Criminal Courts and shows much skill and ability in the preparation and the handling of his cases.

In his election, the people of Adams county will not misplace their confidence, for he is well qualified in every way for this important office, and will fill the same with credit and ability.

New York's firebugs have been very active in kindling blazes in East Side tenements, and the authorities are making investigations.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed. For sale by all druggists.

Election Tuesday two weeks.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Monday last, while Hiram, the 18 year old son of Jacob Minnich, a farmer residing near Lititz, was using a corn chopper, the belt came off the pulley, and in attempting to adjust it, the young man's left arm was caught in the machine and cut completely off.

The York constables have instituted suit against the County Commissioners to recover pay in serving summonses, the Commissioners having recently cut down their fees and mileage in accordance with the decisions of different county courts. The case will go to the Supreme Court.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by all druggists.

Drowned in Vinegar.

A son of James W. Snyder, of near Loganville, York county, about 18 months old, fell into a tub of vinegar Thursday evening, which was standing in the spring house, and was drowned. A sister of the child left him alone a short time and went up stairs to get something, and when she returned found the child lying in the tub. She lifted him out and the father tried all he could to recover him, but life had departed.

Political Notes

At the Democratic meeting in this place Friday night, A. J. Brady, of McSherrytown, was made chairman pro tem, and in the organization of a Bryan and Sewall Club of 75 members the following officers were elected: President, D. F. Steffy; V. Presidents, Z. H. Cashman, T. S. Eckert and Jacob Schwartz; Secretary, C. F. Stough; Treasurer, Jacob Heltzel.

Wm. M. Steffy, Esq., made his maiden speech and surprised those present with the ability he displayed. The other speakers were Prof. Powers, P. D. W. Hankey and Clarence Sheely, of Gettysburg.

Died of His Injuries.

The East Berlin News says. On last Friday evening an accident occurred in East Berlin by which Mr. William Grogg and his son Herbert, were both hurt, the latter's injuries terminating fatally the following evening. Mr. Grogg was hauling corn and when ready to leave the field for the barn he and his son took a seat on top of the load and when coming out of Hildebrand's alley unto the Main street, some part of the wagon broke and they were both thrown to the ground, the wheels passing over Mr. Grogg's foot and also over Herbert's stomach, injuring him internally with the above sad results. The death is a terrible blow to the parents and family, not only because he was the only son and brother but also because just a year ago he was so badly kicked by a horse that for a time his life was despaired of and now after such a short season of rejoicing to be so suddenly taken from their midst makes the death a very sad one indeed. Deceased was aged 8 years, 8 months and 19 days.

IF TROUBLED WITH RHEUMATISM READ THIS.—Annapolis, Md., April 16, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep-seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. Jno. G. Brooks, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main street.

ALSO READ THIS.

Mechanicsville, St. Mary county, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill. For sale by all druggists.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

JACOB SMITH'S ESTATE.—Let- ters of administration on the estate of JACOB SMITH, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARY A. SMITH, Administratrix.

The time accounts and books have been placed in the hands of O. A. Smith for collection and adjustment. The time business will be continued as heretofore.

Newly Printed and Bound
BLANK RECEIPTS
for sale cheap at this office.

A Genuine Closing Out Sale

OF \$10,000 Worth of

**Goods and Fixtures,
At a Sacrifice to Quit Business.**

The undersigned having positively decided to quit business, will close out his large stock of **DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, SHOES, &c.**, as soon as it is possible to do so. In order to do this he has marked all the goods, from one end of the store to the other,

**DOWN TO COST
AND A GREAT MANY THINGS BELOW COST.**

THIS IS NO FAKE. It is a great and rare chance to get Good Goods at wholesale prices, and it is hoped that the public will take advantage of the low prices. Of course, the early buyers will have the advantage of the full line to select from. Keep your eye on this space from week to week.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. STOCK,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

P. S.—We pay 18c. per dozen for eggs.

FOR RENT.—The store room now occupied by above is offered for rent. Apply to Dr. H. W. SWATRZ.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Advance Lines

—OF—

**Dress Goods
—AND—
COATS**

ARE NOW READY HERE.

THE NEWEST AND BEST THINGS ONLY!

PRICES WERE NEVER SO LOW.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

For 30 Days Only!

From now until November 10th, we will offer the following goods **AT COST!**

All Ladies' Dress Goods

Consisting of Cashmeres, Serges, Ladies' Cloth, and other fancy Dress Goods.

ALL MEN'S WOOLEN GOODS, such as Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsteds and Fancy Suitings.

ALL READYMADE CLOTHING

including the Shippensburg Pants and Overalls, must go with the rest.

AND IN ADDITION

we will sell the following goods at way down cut prices:

Indigo Blue Prints at 4c.
All other Prints at 5c.
Remnant Prints at 3c. and 4c.
Lancaster Gingham at 5c.
Good Apron Gingham at 4c.
Good Dress Gingham at 5c.
Columbian Chiviot Shirting at 7c.
Turkey Red Table Cloth at 20c.
Oatting Cloth at 6c.
Shaker Flannel at 5c.
Unbleached Muslin at 4c.

Cotton Flannel at 5c.
Table Oil Cloth at \$1.50 per piece.
Bleached Muslin, 1 yd. wide, no starch, 16 yards for \$1.00.
Blankets, large enough for any bed, 40c., 50c. and 60c.
Ladies' all-wool Under Vests for 50c., regular price \$1.00.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, \$1.00.
Gents' Dress Shoes, \$1.00.

We will close by saying that we are closing out a big lot of Remnant Dress Goods at 3c. per yard. Call and see.

Respectfully,

EMMERT & BRO.



Highest of High Grades.

Are built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory in the World.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

W. C. Trimmer, Agent.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

Hard Times and Individual Expenses.

The hard times which at present afflict the mass of men, however they may be accounted for by the theories of opposing parties, are due to a considerable extent to the individuals who make up this mass. The disregard of the future in the enjoyment of the present; the fatal waste of whatever means they may possess by small expenses, "by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm caution"—these are the sources of hard times to large numbers of men. Of course, there are the great and unexpected losses that come by fire, flood and various calamities; but these are only occasional, and for the most part afflict only the few. No doubt, legislation may produce conditions that hinder prosperity and fetter the operations of industry; but even so, it is obvious that those who cut off small and superfluous expenses, who economize, who seek shelter, so to speak, while the storm lasts, will emerge from it in a state of measurable independence which will be wholly lost to those who have not adopted these precautionary measures of prudence.

It is not only the facility with which means are wasted by small expenses that impairs fortunes; this is an era of speculation, and the tendency of the times is to take great risks in the expectation of great profits. Races and the stock and produce exchanges afford the means of tempting fortune to the utmost; and they never lack votaries. The reasonable gains arising from the ordinary pursuits of life are too frequently swallowed up by ventures in the various fields of speculation. The sums lost in England by all classes and conditions of men and women on the races are appalling. The sums lost in America on stocks, or grain, or oil are no less appalling. It may be said that equally great sums are gained by the ups and downs of the market. This, no doubt, is true; but how much comfort will that afford those who have lost all, or even part, of what they possessed by the operations of the exchanges?

The speculative mania makes the ordinary gains of industry distasteful. It makes great numbers of men restless and discontented; it withdraws their minds from study and reflection, from interest in legitimate callings, and engages them well-nigh wholly on schemes of chance. If manners be as important to a people as Mr. Burke tells us they are, the dignity, the repose, the grace which characterize them and lend to them their peculiar charm are not likely to be acquired in a nation given up to maddening game of speculation. But manners apart, there can be no doubt, we think, that any people whose acquisitions come from peaceful occupation, from the daily pursuit of manual or professional labors, from the work of the farm, mill, shop or office, under conditions that give a just equivalent for these labors of hand or brain, are a people whose prosperity and happiness will be a firm support to the State and an augury of a high civilization. At any rate, they are a people who will not remain long in the shadow of hard times, but whose course will be upward and onward, overcoming all impediments.

Policemen vs. Citizens.

Judge Biddle, of Carlisle, in the trial of John Belt for resisting arrest defined the delicate point in this matter very concisely. It is well worth taking note by all people because there has been some misunderstanding in the mind of the public in regard to it. We have heard braggadocio talk about the rights of people in resisting our officers, and we have tried heretofore to correct the wrong impression. The borough officers have no right to arrest a man without a warrant unless they personally see him committing a breach of the peace, but on the other hand if they do arrest a citizen, even without warrant or justification, the citizen should not resist the officer nor resort to any altercation with him. He should go along with the officer, ask for a habeas corpus, and when the release is given by the court, then make the officer sweat for making a false arrest. But citizens have no right to resist an officer, who is always to be presumed to have proper authority for what he does.—Sentinel.

The Methodist Conference at Towanda adjourned after receiving the new appointments Monday. Its 36, 613 members are credited with raising \$50,000 for benevolence last year.

POLITICAL FOR SHERIFF.



E. M. WIERMAN.

E. M. Wierman was born in Menallen township in 1844, a son of Conrad and Sarah (Hummer) Wierman, and attended school in the same township. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private and served in Captain Warren's Independent Company, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry. He is now a member of Sarg. T. F. Elden Post, No. 507, G. A. R., of which post he was commander in 1888.

In 1866 he was joined in marriage to Miss Emma, daughter of John I. Mullen, to which union three children were born; a son, Harry G., who was killed in Philadelphia some years ago, while in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad; and two daughters. Mrs. Wierman died in 1872. Some years after Mr. Wierman was married to Miss Cullings, a daughter of John and Hannah (Bender) Cullings.

Mr. Wierman is a farmer, in which occupation he has been engaged in Tyrone township since 1879. He has served as School Director in that township for six years, three as President of the Board and one as Treasurer. He would make an efficient sheriff and we therefore ask for him the support of the voters of Adams county.

WM. HERSH, ESQ.

As we said last week "there is scarcely any office within the gift of the people of much more importance than that of the District Attorney," and we again reiterate that statement, and would respectfully impress upon our readers the importance of choosing men of ability and good judgment to fill such office. We think the recent Republican County Convention did this very thing when they placed William Hersh, Esq., on the ticket as their nominee for District Attorney.

Mr. Hersh was born in New Oxford, Adams County, Oct. 11, 1870. He is a son of Capt. James Hersh, ex-Sheriff of Adams county, and was raised on the Meadow Valley Farm in Cumberland township. He lived there for 17 years, and while attending Boyd's School, worked on the farm and helped in the care of the stock. He attended Pennsylvania College and graduated in 1891, and then began the study of law with Wm. McSherry, Jr., Esq., one of the most prominent practitioners in the Adams County Courts, and was admitted to the bar, September 17th, 1892. He has served successfully for several years as Attorney for the Boroughs of Gettysburg, Littlestown, and Bendersville, but has not sought public office.

By incessant application and devotion to duty, he has won a good practice and is recognized as one of the brightest and most capable young lawyers at the Bar. He has had considerable practice in the Criminal Courts and shows much skill and ability in the preparation and the handling of his cases.

In his election, the people of Adams county will not misplace their confidence, for he is well qualified in every way for this important office, and will fill the same with credit and ability.

New York's firebugs have been very active in kindling blazes in East Side tenements, and the authorities are making investigations.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed. For sale by all druggists.

Election Tuesday two weeks.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Monday last, while Hiram, the 18 year old son of Jacob Minnich, a farmer residing near Lititz, was using a corn chopper, the belt came off the pulley, and in attempting to adjust it, the young man's left arm was caught in the machine and cut completely off.

The York constables have instituted suit against the County Commissioners to recover pay in serving summonses, the Commissioners having recently cut down their fees and mileage in accordance with the decisions of different county courts. The case will go to the Supreme Court.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by all druggists.

Drowned in Vinegar.

A son of James W. Snyder, of near Loganville, York county, about 18 months old, fell into a tub of vinegar Thursday evening, which was standing in the spring house, and was drowned. A sister of the child left him alone a short time and went up stairs to get something, and when she returned found the child lying in the tub. She lifted him out and the father tried all he could to recover him, but life had departed.

Political Notes

At the Democratic meeting in this place Friday night, A. J. Brady, of McSherrytown, was made chairman pro tem, and in the organization of a Bryan and Sewall Club of 75 members the following officers were elected: President, D. F. Steffy; V. Presidents, Z. H. Cashman, T. S. Eckert and Jacob Schwartz; Secretary, C. F. Stough; Treasurer, Jacob Heltzel.

Wm. M. Steffy, Esq., made his maiden speech and surprised those present with the ability he displayed. The other speakers were Prof. Powers, P. D. W. Hankey and Clarence Sheely, of Gettysburg.

Died of His Injuries.

The East Berlin News says. On last Friday evening an accident occurred in East Berlin by which Mr. William Grogg and his son Herbert, were both hurt, the latter's injuries terminating fatally the following evening. Mr. Grogg was hauling corn and when ready to leave the field for the barn he and his son took a seat on top of the load and when coming out of Hildebrand's alley unto the Main street, some part of the wagon broke and they were both thrown to the ground, the wheels passing over Mr. Grogg's foot and also over Herbert's stomach, injuring him internally with the above sad results. The death is a terrible blow to the parents and family, not only because he was the only son and brother but also because just a year ago he was so badly kicked by a horse that for a time his life was despaired of and now after such a short season of re-joining to be so suddenly taken from their midst makes the death a very sad one indeed. Decensed was aged 8 years, 8 months and 19 days.

IF TROUBLED WITH RHEUMATISM READ THIS.—Annapolis, Md., April 16, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep-seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. JNO. G. BROOKS, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main street.

ALSO READ THIS.

Mechanicsville, St. Mary county, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. MCGILL. For sale by all druggists.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

JACOB SMITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Smith, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARY A. SMITH, Administratrix.

The time accounts and books have been placed in the hands of O. A. Smith for collection and adjustment. The time business will be continued as heretofore.

Neatly Printed and Bound
BLANK RECEIPTS
for sale cheap at this office.

A Genuine Closing Out Sale

OF \$10,000 Worth of

Goods and Fixtures, At a Sacrifice to Quit Business.

The undersigned having positively decided to quit business, will close out his large stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, SHOES, &c., as soon as it is possible to do so. In order to do this he has marked all the goods, from one end of the store to the other,

DOWN TO COST

AND A GREAT MANY THINGS BELOW COST.

THIS IS NO FAKE. It is a great and rare chance to get Good Goods at wholesale prices, and it is hoped that the public will take advantage of the low prices. Of course, the early buyers will have the advantage of the full line to select from. Keep your eye on this space from week to week.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. STOCK,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

P. S.—We pay 18c. per dozen for eggs.

FOR RENT.—The store room now occupied by above is offered for rent. Apply to Dr. H. W. SWATRZ.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Advance Lines

—OF—

Dress Goods

—AND—

COATS

ARE NOW READY HERE.

THE NEWEST AND BEST THINGS ONLY!

PRICES WERE NEVER SO LOW.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

For 30 Days Only!

From now until November 10th, we will offer the following goods **AT COST!**

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Turkey Red Table Cloth at 20c.
Outing Cloth at 6c.
Shaker Flannel at 5c.
Unbleached Muslin at 4c.

Cotton Flannel at 5c.
Table Oil Cloth at \$1.50 per piece.
Bleached Muslin, 1 yd. wide, no starch, 16 yards for \$1.00.
Blankets, large enough for any bed, 40c., 50c. and 60c.
Ladies' all-wool Under Vests for 50c., regular price \$1.00.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, \$1.00.
Gents' Dress Shoes, \$1.00.

We will close by saying that we are closing out a big lot of Remnant Dress Goods at 3c. per yard. Call and see.

Respectfully,

EMMERT & BRO.



Are built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory in the World. Experienced select the Waverley because they have learned to know the difference between a wheel that is actually high grade and one that is simply claimed to be. Some others may be good but the Waverley is the highest of all high grade. Scorchers (3 heights) \$65, Bells 20 and 28 inch \$75 and \$85. W. C. Trimmer, Agent, INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time paid for will be considered a new engagement. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Friday, Oct. 23rd, will be autumn Arbor Day.

At Carlisle, dealers have been paying only 13 cents a bushel for potatoes.

A pension has been granted to Jno. Rokey, of York Springs, (special) Sept. 22.

The Baltimore Clothing House, at East Berlin was closed by Sheriff McElhenny on last Monday.

The annual election of the Berlin and Hanover Turnpike Co. will be held at East Berlin on Wednesday, Nov. 4th.

Mr. Sponseller, of near Granite, lost one of his best horses last Tuesday by a piece of rail piercing him in the breast.

Postmaster Hildebrand, of East Berlin, has gone to Baltimore and entered a medical college to graduate as a physician.

John R. Bittinger sold one of his farms lying near Abbottstown, containing about 100 acres, to Emanuel Hoke on private terms.

Thomas Flohr, one of the oldest citizens of Fountain Dale, who has been ailing for some time, died very suddenly on Saturday.

The Pennsylvania railroad company will replace the old wooden structure at Columbia, blown down by the recent storm, by a handsome new steel bridge.

Among the appointments at the recent U. B. conference at Shippensburg are Rev. I. C. Weidler at Littlestown, and Rev. W. R. Burkholder, at York Springs.

Rev. Dr. H. L. Baugher, late Professor of Greek in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, has been called to be pastorship of St. Paul's Lutheran church, at Baltimore.

Geo. Sherman's house on Berlin street, is being repainted and gotten ready to be occupied by Mr. Dodge, of Connecticut, who expects to move here in the near future.

As near as can be ascertained the hecks received at Waynesboro and Hildale for peaches will aggregate 110,000. To move the crop required the services of 140 refrigerator cars.

Last Friday, John Ketterman, of airfield, while working at the Hull saw mill, met with a bad accident. By the glance of the axe with which he was working he severed the thumb from his left hand.

Julius W. Fischer, executor to the estate of the late Daniel Q. Albright, sold the two-story brick store building, corner Fountain Square and Frederick street, Hanover, to the People's Bank, for \$5500.

Harry Buhrman, of Zora, had his arm broken between the shoulder and bow on Thursday evening. The accident was caused by the brake of his wagon becoming loose, which started the horses rear and they ran into the corn crib. One of the horses was also hurt somewhat.

Wm. Hayberger, of near Uriah, met with a painful accident on Monday evening last. He was working on the roof of his barn, at the cone, when he lost his balance and rolled down the roof to the edge, and from thence to the ground, alighting on a pile of stones with great force, the jar injuring his spine and also rendering him unconscious.

OLD PEOPLE.—Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no biskey nor intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alternative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find just exactly what they need. Price 5c. and \$1 per bottle at Dicks' drug store.

The old church at Rocky Springs, Franklin county, is one of the most interesting in the State. It is over 102 years old. The seats are so high that people can just manage to see over the top when sitting down. The floor is all brick and very uneven.

Wheat has made another jump upward during the past few days, advancing from 60 to 64 cents per bushel. There is no telling how high it will advance, as all the large exporters in the cities claim that there is a bigger demand for export than there has been at any time during the past five years.

Sunday week Mr. and Mrs. David Kirachof, of Union township, buried two children in one coffin, the children having died of diphtheria. Sunday another child, little Sarah, aged 5 years, died of the same dread disease. Mr. Kirachof has another child on the brink of the grave, also a sufferer with diphtheria.

Alleged sugar agents are reaping a rich harvest among the farmers in some sections. They take orders for sugar by the barrel at a low rate. The "sugar" arrives all right, and the agent pockets the price. But when the barrel is opened it is found to contain common salt, with a few pounds of sugar in a compartment at each end of the barrel.

Harry Schriver, of Barlow, this county, and Mrs. Emma Creager, of Hanover, formerly of New Chester, will be married on Tuesday evening, October 27th. The wedding will be private. After the marriage they will visit Washington and other places on a short wedding trip. Upon their return they will reside at his home at Barlow.

Mrs. Mary Miller, aged 78 years, 6 months and 2 days, widow of John Miller, (who died in the Union Army, during the late war), after an illness of about one year, died Sunday evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Neary, in Berwick township. She had been a sufferer from rheumatism, and of late pneumonia. During the past nine months she was entirely helpless.

The Forty Hours' Devotion in the Catholic church from Sunday to Tuesday was well attended by the members of the congregation. Father Hemler was assisted in the services of the Devotion by Rev. Fathers Timothy O'Leary, of Conewago; J. C. Foin, of Hanover; M. J. McBride, of Bonneauville; T. J. CroTTY, of Littlestown, and Henry Crist, of Gettysburg. Father O'Leary preached an exceptionally able and interesting sermon on Sunday evening.

On Friday the water plugs through town were opened and the stand pipe emptied, leaving in a fresh supply of water. The discharge of water from the plug on corner of Berlin Avenue and Golden Lane softened the ground for a considerable distance, as there is no paved gutter yet. Some gentleman from a distance, while driving along Berlin Ave. in the afternoon, discovered his horse sinking until he was so deep in the mire as to be unable to help himself. Assistance soon arrived when, with ropes and boards, the animal was extricated. No serious results followed.

Mrs. Sarah Bucher, of Germany township, near Klinefelter's mill was found dead in her house at the foot of the stairway, last Wednesday evening about seven o'clock. She had evidently gone to the loft of the house to get some corn to feed the chickens, and reached over and secured several ears when she was stricken with apoplexy and fell to the bottom of the stairway a corpse. The lady had been seen so late as four o'clock by her neighbors walking in her yard. Deceased is the widow of the late Henry Bucher, who died seven years ago from cancer of the face.

TWO LIVES SAVED.—Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at Dicks' drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.

Court Items.

Attachments under the act of 1869 have been issued against Samuel Hallem, of Gettysburg, at the suit of I. Wilson & Co., of Philadelphia, for \$268.25; Jos. Schenthal & Co. for \$369.57; Nusbaum & Myers for \$189.75, and Baltimore Bargain House \$331.43.

PERSONAL.
Mr. Geo. E. Stock, of Gettysburg, was in town on Monday looking up a suitable place for the telephone exchange. The exact place has not yet been made known.

J. O. Swartz, who has been on a business trip of a few months to Texas, returned on Saturday evening.

Mr. Adolphus Keefer, wife and daughter, Florence, of near Table Rock, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gulden.

Miss Dollie Pottorff, of York, spent Saturday with Miss Elsie Klingel.

Misses Lena Keith and Bessie Cox, of Gettysburg, visited the Misses Himes last week.

Miss Myrna Miller, who is attending the Woman's College, spent a few days with her parents here.

Abner Grise and family, of East Berlin, spent Sunday with Z. H. Cashman and family.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Holy Communion in St. Paul's Reformed church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock; Preparatory services for Holy Communion, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

There will be no preaching services in St. Paul's Lutheran church on Sunday, on account of the absence of the pastor; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; Junior C. E. at 2 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.; catechetical class Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the Catholic church Sunday morning—High Mass at 10 o'clock.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Burned to Death.

Miss Eva Hull, aged 82 years, met a terrible death on Friday evening.

Miss Hull was a daughter of the late Jacob Hull, and resided on the old homestead, about 4 miles from this place, on the Carlisle pike, in Berwick township. About 5 o'clock Friday evening she was noticed coming out of her room carrying a blazing bureau drawer in her hands. How the fire originated is not known positively, but it is thought that, being a great smoker, she was in the act of lighting her pipe or had lighted it, when the fire originated from a spark either from the match or from the pipe.

It was noticed that when she opened the door leading to the open air the draft thus created blew the blaze from the burning drawer over her setting her clothing afire and a considerable amount was to all appearances inhaled by her. After going a short distance she was overcome and fell to the ground. The children of Luther Hull, playing in the yard, promptly notified their mother who was at the pump preparing for the evening's milking, that "auntie is burning up." Mrs. Hull had just pumped a bucket full of water which she hastily threw over the burning woman, and then rang the farm bell for assistance. Neighbors promptly responded, and flames enveloping the woman were promptly extinguished. The suffering woman was carried gently into the house and made as comfortable as possible, while Dr. Sheetz of this place was hastily summoned. He found that Miss Hull was badly burned over her entire body, but only one hand so badly that it bled. He also found her suffering from inhaling the flames. Miss Hull was given the treatment usual in such cases, but she continued to sink, partly from the shock and partly from the effects of the burns, until about 9 o'clock, when death relieved her.

Killed in a Runaway.

Daniel F. Bussard, a prominent and wealthy farmer, of near Harmony, Md., was killed by a runaway team on Friday. Mr. Bussard was driving his six horse team when they became frightened at a traction engine and ran away. Mr. Bussard was on the saddle horse, and made a strenuous effort to draw the team into the fence, when he was suddenly thrown from his saddle and fell with great force to the ground, striking on his head. His neck was broken and his skull crushed behind the ear, death ensuing almost instantly. Mr. Bussard was about 30 years of age, and leaves a wife and one child. His wife is in a hospital in Baltimore undergoing medical treatment, having been ill for several months.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. John Bigham, of Freedom township, whilst opening the gate of his pasture field to let out the horses, was kicked by one of them on the little finger of the left hand, requiring amputation at the middle joint.

POLITICAL.
CHARLES H. DUTTERA.

Charles H. Duttera, candidate for the Legislature, was born in Germany township, where he now resides. Mr. Duttera is one of the rising young men of Adams county. After the death of his father, although quite young, he took charge of the large farm and tannery connected therewith, and managed it successfully. When not otherwise engaged, he could be seen at the bench in the tannery at work with the hands. In connection with the farm and tannery he ran a large stone quarry. Whilst thus engaged he received the contract to pave the streets of Littlestown. During this time he had under his employ about 25 hands. He never said to his men, "Go and do this and so;" but, instead, would say, "Come on, boys,"—always at the front himself. He has always been a great pusher and worker, and has thereby secured the friendship of the laboring man. He has hands under his employ now who have been with him since he was 19 years old,—which speaks volumes in itself. He completed the work of paving the streets to the entire satisfaction of the authorities.

Mr. Duttera is now 37 years old. He was a candidate for the Legislature in 1894, when the Republicans swept the county, electing their whole ticket by majorities ranging from 50 to 500, with the single exception of Charles H. Duttera, who was elected on the Democratic ticket by a majority of 123. His vote in the lower end—Germany and Union townships and Littlestown borough—was unprecedented, and fully attests his popularity.

He is at present engaged in farming—stocking his farms himself and giving them his personal supervision. He is a prominent member of the Reformed church of Littlestown, having been a deacon and trustee since his 20th year.

Charles H. Duttera has been a very successful business man all through life. A workingman himself, he is a friend of labor and laboring men, and if elected will in the future as in the past look well to the interests of Adams county.

JOHN R. BITTINGER.

One candidate for the Legislature before the people this fall deserves the careful consideration of the voters of this section of the county; that is, not of this section alone, but of this section in an especial manner. That candidate is Mr. John R. Bittinger, one of the Republican nominees for the Legislature.

Mr. Bittinger was born, and reared to his sixth year, in Oxford township, Dec. 31st, 1849. When he was six years of age, his father moved his family to Berwick township, where John R. grew up in usefulness and has lived ever since. He is now overseeing his vast and growing business in lime, limestone and ballast, and has identified himself with all progressive movements inaugurated for the good of the townships in which his interests lie, and for the inhabitants thereof. By education and business training he is eminently fitted to fill the responsible position to which he aspires, and should he be fortunate enough to win—which his friends are taking care that he will—he will discharge the duties incumbent upon him faithfully, intelligently and honorably.

On Friday evening, Mr. John A. Livers, of Gettysburg, the Democratic candidate for County Treasurer, was in town attending the Democratic meeting. Mr. Livers was warmly received by our citizens, who are beginning to appreciate his worth more and more as the election grows nearer.

Mr. W. H. Tipton, Republican candidate for Legislature, gave us a pleasant call last week. Mr. Tipton reports everything looking well over the county, with the "fences" up, notwithstanding the great storms.

Mr. E. M. Wierman, of Tyrone twp., Democratic candidate for Sheriff, also gave us a pleasant call last week. Mr. Wierman is busy looking up his interests throughout the county, and says the outlook for his election is bright.

A vote for Mr. James Devine, of Conewago township, for County Commissioner is a vote in the right direction. He is a thorough economical business man and an affable gentleman.

The Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Littlestown, has made an assessment of three per cent. on premium notes for fire loss and one of three mills on the dollar on the amount of insurance for storm or cyclone loss.

Death of Mrs. Peter Weirick.
On Sunday last, Oct. 4th, Mrs. Peter Weirick breathed her last at Wichita, Kansas, aged about 68 years. Mrs. Weirick was a sister of the late Jacob Smith, of Oxford township, who died on Sept. 2nd—just one month and two days apart. Mrs. Weirick was born on the Smith homestead near Bonneville, and married Mr. Peter Weirick in early life. After living in various parts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, Mr. and Mrs. Weirick moved to Wichita, Kansas, about 16 years ago. Mrs. Weirick is survived by a husband and three grown sons, one of whom, William, was married about seven years ago to Miss Clara, a daughter of Mr. H. J. Hemler, of Mountpleasant township. The funeral took place on last Wednesday; interment in Wichita.

Telephone Notes.

The wires are up from Gettysburg to Littlestown and Littlestown is also wired.

All the poles will be erected in the county by the end of the month, except in Gettysburg.

Littlestown, New Oxford and some of the other towns will be connected by election day.—Star.

STOP PATENT MEDICINES.

They are mostly made to pile up fortunes for the proprietors who manufacture them.

FOR A COUGH

try a 15c. bottle of Dr. Louey's Consumption Syrup. Not a patent medicine, but made by myself after the original prescription of the English physician, Louey, who used it for many years in his practice, and which enjoys a great reputation to the present day in parts of the United States and Europe. This is a prescription covering the whole ground which these preparations cover, which are offered under the title of patents, and wherever Louey's Consumption Syrup is known it carries a great reputation as a cough and lung remedy. It contains—Tar, (purified) which is a diuretic and promotes secretion in the bronchial and laryngeal passages; Ipecac, which is a diaphoretic and expectorant; Squills, which was employed by the Greeks as a medicine and retained to the present period, a deserved popularity as an expectorant; Lobelia, Chloroform and Antimony and Potash Tartrates, all of which are effectually employed in Catarrh, Croup and Bronchial affections. The above are scientifically combined with Tolu and Peppermint in such proportions as to make effectual these grateful aromatics used for all the purposes to which medicines of this class applied, allay nausea and relieve spasmodic pains; the whole making an excellent preparation, very pleasant to the taste, agreeable to take and with a reputation of a greater number of years back of it than any other cough cure known.

I GUARANTEE IT!

If you are not benefited by it, I will give you something else for your money. Made and sold only by

Yours respectfully,
RANDOLPH WEHLER, Ph.G.
(Successor to J. W. Dicks.)
NEW OXFORD, PA.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman	
Choice Wheat.....	\$0.64
No. 2 ".....	62
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Corn.....	20 @ 30
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Timothy seed.....	1.50 @ 2.00
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Oct. 6, in Abbottstown, by Rev. R. H. Clare, Mr. John L. Guise, of East Berlin, to Miss Catharine Nagle, of Abbottstown.

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The ITEM is but a dollar a year. Try it.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrearages are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Friday, Oct. 23rd, will be autumn
Arbor Day.

At Carlisle, dealers have been pay-
ing only 13 cents a bushel for pota-
toes.

A pension has been granted to Jno.
Rockey, of York Springs, (special)
Sept. 22.

The Baltimore Clothing House, at
East Berlin was closed by Sheriff Mc-
Alhenny on last Monday.

The annual election of the Berlin
and Hanover Turnpike Co. will be
held at East Berlin on Wednesday,
Nov. 4th.

Mr. Sponseller, of near Granite,
lost one of his best horses last Tues-
day by a piece of rail piercing him
in the breast.

Postmaster Hildebrand, of East
Berlin, has gone to Baltimore and en-
tered a medical college to graduate
as a physician.

John R. Bittinger sold one of his
farms lying near Abbottstown, con-
taining about 100 acres, to Emanuel
Loke on private terms.

Thomas Flohr, one of the oldest
citizens of Fountain Dale, who has
been ailing for some time, died very
suddenly on Saturday.

The Pennsylvania railroad compa-
ny will replace the old wooden struc-
ture at Columbia, blown down by the
recent storm, by a handsome new
steel bridge.

Among the appointments at the re-
cent U. B. conference at Shippens-
burg are Rev. I. C. Weidler at Little-
stown, and Rev. W. R. Burkholder, at
York Springs.

Rev. Dr. H. L. Baugher, late Pro-
fessor of Greek in Pennsylvania Col-
lege, Gettysburg, has been called to
the pastorate of St. Paul's Lutheran
church, at Baltimore.

Geo. Sherman's house on Berlin
street, is being repainted and gotten
ready to be occupied by Mr. Dodge,
of Connecticut, who expects to move
there in the near future.

As near as can be ascertained the
checks received at Waynesboro and
Midvale for peaches will aggregate
\$110,000. To move the crop requir-
ed the services of 140 refrigerator
cars.

Last Friday, John Ketterman, of
Fairfield, while working at the Hull
saw mill, met with a bad accident.
By the glance of the axe with which
he was working he severed the
thumb from his left hand.

Julius W. Fischer, executor to the
estate of the late Daniel Q. Albright,
sold the two-story brick store build-
ing, corner Fountain Square and
Frederick street, Hanover, to the Peo-
ple's Bank, for \$5500.

Harry Buhrman, of Zora, had his
arm broken between the shoulder and
elbow on Thursday evening. The ac-
cident was caused by the brake of his
wagon becoming loose, which started
the horses rear and they ran into the
corn crib. One of the horses was also
hurt somewhat.

Wm. Hayberger, of near Uriah, met
with a painful accident on Monday
evening last. He was working on the
roof of his barn, at the cone, when he
lost his balance and rolled down the
roof to the edge, and from thence to
the ground, alighting on a pile of
stones with great force, the jar injur-
ing his spine and also rendering him
unconscious.

OLD PEOPLE.—Old people who re-
quire medicine to regulate the bowels
and kidneys will find the true remedy
in Electric Bitters. This medicine
does not stimulate and contains no
whiskey nor intoxicant, but acts as a
tonic and alterative. It acts mildly
on the stomach and bowels, adding
strength and giving tone to the or-
gans, thereby aiding nature in the
performance of the functions. Elec-
tric Bitters is an excellent appetizer
and aids digestion. Old People find
it just exactly what they need. Price
50c. and \$1 per bottle at Dicks' drug
store.

The old church at Rocky Springs,
Franklin county, is one of the most
interesting in the State. It is over
102 years old. The seats are so high
that people can just manage to see
over the top when sitting down. The
floor is all brick and very uneven.

Wheat has made another jump up-
ward during the past few days, ad-
vancing from 60 to 64 cents per bush-
ol. There is no telling how high it
will advance, as all the large export-
ers in the cities claim that there is a
bigger demand for export than there
has been at any time during the past
five years.

Sunday week Mr. and Mrs. David
Kirachof, of Union township, buried
two children in one coffin, the chil-
dren having died of diphtheria. Sun-
day another child, little Sarah, aged
5 years, died of the same dread dis-
ease. Mr. Kirachof has another child
on the brink of the grave, also a suf-
ferer with diphtheria.

Alleged sugar agents are reaping
a rich harvest among the farmers in
some sections. They take orders for
sugar by the barrel at a low rate.
The "sugar" arrives all right, and the
agent pockets the price. But when the
barrel is opened it is found to
contain common salt, with a few
pounds of sugar in a compartment at
each end of the barrel.

Harry Schriver of Barlow, this
county, and Mrs. Emma Creager, of
Hanover, formerly of New Chester,
will be married on Tuesday evening,
October 27th. The wedding will be
private. After the marriage they will
visit Washington and other places on
a short wedding trip. Upon their re-
turn they will reside at his home at
Barlow.

Mrs. Mary Miller, aged 78 years, 6
months and 2 days, widow of John
Miller, (who died in the Union Army,
during the late war), after an illness
of about one year, died Sunday eve-
ning at the home of her daughter, Mrs.
Samuel Neary, in Berwick township.
She had been a sufferer from rheuma-
tism, and of late pneumonia. During
the past nine months she was entire-
ly helpless.

The Forty Hours' Devotion in the
Catholic church from Sunday to Tues-
day was well attended by the mem-
bers of the congregation. Father
Hemler was assisted in the services of
the Devotion by Rev. Fathers Timo-
thy O'Leary, of Conewago; J. C. Foin,
of Hanover; M. J. McBride, of Bon-
neville; T. J. Crotty, of Littlestown,
and Henry Crist, of Gettysburg.
Father O'Leary preached an excep-
tionally able and interesting sermon
on Sunday evening.

On Friday the water plugs through
town were opened and the stand pipe
emptied, leaving in a fresh supply of
water. The discharge of water from
the plug on corner of Berlin Avenue
and Golden Lane softened the ground
for a considerable distance, as there
is no paved gutter yet. Some gentle-
man from a distance, while driving
along Berlin Ave. in the afternoon,
discovered his horse sinking until he
was so deep in the mire as to be un-
able to help himself. Assistance soon
arrived when, with ropes and boards,
the animal was extricated. No serious
results followed.

Mrs. Sarah Bucher, of Germany
township, near Klinefelter's mill was
found dead in her house at the foot of
the stairway, last Wednesday evening
about seven o'clock. She had evident-
ly gone to the loft of the house to get
some corn to feed the chickens, and
reached over and secured several ears
when she was stricken with apoplexy
and fell to the bottom of the stairway
a corpse. The lady had been seen so
late as four o'clock by her neighbors
walking in her yard. Deceased is the
widow of the late Henry Bucher, who
died seven years ago from cancer of
the face.

TWO LIVES SAVED.—Mrs. Phoebe
Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was
told by her doctors she had con-
sumption and that there was no hope
for her, but two bottles Dr. King's
New Discovery completely cured her
and she says it saved her life. Mr.
Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San
Francisco, suffered from a dreadful
cold, approaching consumption, tried
without result everything else then
bought one bottle of Dr. King's New
Discovery and in two weeks was cured.
He is naturally thankful. It is
such results, of which these are sam-
ples, that prove the wonderful efficacy
of this medicine in coughs and colds.
Free trial bottles at Dicks' drug store.
Regular size 50c. and \$1.

Court Items.

Attachments under the act of 1869
have been issued against Samuel Hal-
lem, of Gettysburg, at the suit of I.
Wilson & Co., of Philadelphia, for
\$268.25; Jos. Schenthal & Co. for
\$369.57; Nusbaum & Myers for \$189.
75, and Baltimore Bargain House
\$331.43.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Geo. E. Stock, of Gettysburg,
was in town on Monday looking up a
suitable place for the telephone ex-
change. The exact place has not yet
been made known.

J. O. Swartz, who has been on a
business trip of a few months to Tex-
as, returned on Saturday evening.

Mr. Adolphus Keefer, wife and
daughter, Florence, of near Table
Rock, were the guests of her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. John Gulden.

Miss Dollie Pottorff, of York, spent
Saturday with Miss Elsie Klingel.

Misses Lena Keith and Bessie Cox,
of Gettysburg, visited the Misses
Himes last week.

Miss Myrna Miller, who is attend-
ing the Woman's College, spent a few
days with her parents here.

Abner Grise and family, of East
Berlin, spent Sunday with Z. H. Cash-
man and family.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Holy Communion in St. Paul's Re-
formed church Sunday morning at
10 o'clock; Sunday school at 9 a. m.;
C. E. Society at 6 p. m.; prayer meet-
ing Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock;
Preparatory services for Holy Com-
munion, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'-
clock.

REV. P. E. HELMER, Pastor.

There will be no preaching serv-
ices in St. Paul's Lutheran church on
Sunday, on account of the absence of
the pastor; Sunday school at 9 a. m.;
Junior C. E. at 2 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E.
at 6 p. m.; catechetical class Satur-
day afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Rev. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—
High Mass at 10 o'clock.

Rev. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Burned to Death.

Miss Eva Hull, aged 82 years, met
a terrible death on Friday evening.

Miss Hull was a daughter of the
late Jacob Hull, and resided on the
old homestead, about 4 miles from
this place, on the Carlisle pike, in
Berwick township. About 5 o'clock
Friday evening she was noticed com-
ing out of her room carrying a blaz-
ing bureau drawer in her hands. How
the fire originated is not known pos-
itively, but it is thought that, being
a great smoker, she was in the act of
lighting her pipe or had lighted it,
when the fire originated from a spark
either from the match or from the
pipe.

It was noticed that when she open-
ed the door leading to the open air
the draft thus created blew the blaze
from the burning drawer over her
setting her clothing afire and a consid-
erable amount was to all appearances
inhaled by her. After going a short
distance she was overcome and fell to
the ground. The children of Luther
Hull, playing in the yard, promptly
notified their mother who was at the
pump preparing for the evening's
milking, that "aunt is burning up."
Mrs. Hull had just pumped a bucket
full of water which she hastily threw
over the burning woman, and then
rang the farm bell for assistance.
Neighbors promptly responded, and
flames enveloping the woman were
promptly extinguished. The suffer-
ing woman was carried gently into
the house and made as comfortable as
possible, while Dr. Sheetz of this place
was hastily summoned. He found
that Miss Hull was badly burned over
her entire body, but only one hand
so badly that it bled. He also found
her suffering from inhaling the
flames. Miss Hull was given the treat-
ment usual in such cases, but she con-
tinued to sink, partly from the shock
and partly from the effects of the
burns, until about 9 o'clock, when
death relieved her.

Killed in a Runaway.

Daniel F. Bussard, a prominent and
wealthy farmer, of near Harmony,
Md., was killed by a runaway team
on Friday. Mr. Bussard was driving
his six horse team when they became
frightened at a traction engine and
ran away. Mr. Bussard was on the
saddle horse, and made a strenuous
effort to draw the team into the fence,
when he was suddenly thrown from
his saddle and fell with great force
to the ground, striking on his head.
His neck was broken and his skull
crushed behind the ear, death ensu-
ing almost instantly. Mr. Bussard
was about 30 years of age, and leaves
a wife and one child. His wife is in
a hospital in Baltimore undergoing
medical treatment, having been ill for
several months.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. John
Bigham, of Freedom township, whilst
opening the gate of his pasture field
to let out the horses, was kicked by
one of them on the little finger of the
left hand, requiring amputation at
the middle joint.

POLITICAL.

CHARLES H. DUTTERA.

Charles H. Dutterra, candidate for
the Legislature, was born in Germany
township, where he now resides. Mr.
Dutterra is one of the rising young men
of Adams county. After the death of
his father, although quite young, he
took charge of the large farm and tan-
nery connected therewith, and manag-
ed it successfully. When not other-
wise engaged, he could be seen at the
bench in the tannery at work with the
hands. In connection with the farm
and tannery he ran a large stone quar-
ry. Whilst thus engaged he received
the contract to pave the streets of Lit-
tlestown. During this time he had
under his employ about 25 hands. He
never said to his men, "Go and do
thus and so;" but, instead, would say,
"Come on, boys,"—always at the front
himself. He has always been a great
pusher and worker, and has thereby
secured the friendship of the laboring-
man. He has hands under his employ
now who have been with him since he
was 19 years old,—which speaks vol-
umes in itself. He completed the
work of piking the streets to the entire
satisfaction of the authorities.

Mr. Dutterra is now 37 years old.
He was a candidate for the Legislature
in 1894, when the Republicans swept
the county, electing their whole ticket
by majorities ranging from 50 to 500,
with the single exception of Charles H.
Dutterra, who was elected on the Dem-
ocratic ticket by a majority of 123.
His vote in the lower end—Germany
and Union townships and Littlestown
borough—was unprecedented, and fully
attests his popularity.

He is at present engaged in farming
—stocking his farms himself and giv-
ing them his personal supervision. He
is a prominent member of the Reformed
church of Littlestown, having been
a deacon and trustee since his 20th
year.

Charles H. Dutterra has been a very
successful business man all through life.
A workman himself, he is a friend
of labor and laboringmen, and if elect-
ed will in the future as in the past
look well to the interests of Adams
county.

JOHN R. BITTINGER.

One candidate for the Legislature
before the people this fall deserves the
careful consideration of the voters of
this section of the county; that is, not
of this section alone, but of this section
in an especial manner. That candi-
date is Mr. John R. Bittinger, one of
the Republican nominees for the Leg-
islature.

Mr. Bittinger was born, and reared
to his sixth year, in Oxford township,
Dec. 31st, 1849. When he was six
years of age, his father moved his fam-
ily to Berwick township, where John
R. grew up in usefulness and has lived
ever since. He is now overseeing his
vast and growing business in lime,
limestone and ballast, and has identi-
fied himself with all progressive move-
ments inaugurated for the good of the
townships in which his interests lie, and
for the inhabitants thereof. By educa-
tion and business training he is emi-
nently fitted to fill the responsible po-
sition to which he aspires, and should
he be fortunate enough to win—which
his friends are taking care that he will
—he will discharge the duties incumb-
ent upon him faithfully, intelligently
and honorably.

On Friday evening, Mr. John A.
Livers, of Gettysburg, the Democratic
candidate for County Treasurer, was in
town attending the Democratic meet-
ing. Mr. Livers was warmly received
by our citizens, who are beginning to
appreciate his worth more and more as
the election grows nearer.

Mr. W. H. Tipton, Republican candi-
date for Legislature, gave us a pleasant
call last week. Mr. Tipton reports ev-
erything looking well over the county,
with the "fences" up, notwithstanding
the great storms.

Mr. E. M. Wierman, of Tyrone twp.,
Democratic candidate for Sheriff, also
gave us a pleasant call last week. Mr.
Wierman is busy looking up his inter-
ests throughout the county, and says
the outlook for his election is bright.

A vote for Mr. James Devine, of
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amount of insurance for storm or cy-
clone loss.

Death of Mrs. Peter Weirick.

On Sunday last, Oct. 4th, Mrs. Pe-
ter Weirick breathed her last at Wich-
ita, Kansas, aged about 68 years.
Mrs. Weirick was a sister of the late
Jacob Smith, of Oxford township, who
died on Sept. 2nd—just one month
and two days apart. Mrs. Weirick
was born on the Smith homestead
near Bonneville, and married Mr.
Peter Weirick in early life. After liv-
ing in various parts of Pennsylvania
and Maryland, Mr. and Mrs. Weirick
moved to Wichita, Kansas, about 16
years ago. Mrs. Weirick is survived
by a husband and three grown sons,
one of whom, William, was married
about seven years ago to Miss Clara,
a daughter of Mr. H. J. Hamler, of
Mountpleasant township. The fun-
eral took place on last Wednesday;
interment in Wichita.

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Croup and Bronchial affections. The
above are scientifically combined with
Tolu and Peppermint in such propor-
tions as to make effectual these grateful
aromatics used for all the purposes to
which medicines of this class applied,
allay nasua and relieve spasmodic pains;
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tion, very pleasant to the taste, agreeable
to take and with a reputation of a great-
er number of years back of it than any
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sia, are cured by Favorite Remedy.

The ITEM is but a dollar a year. Try it.

At night beneath the silver stars,
The gleaming stars, the dreaming stars,
She waits beside the pasture bars
Till down the path I pass, O;
And all the whispers of the air,
The shifting airs, the drifting airs,
Are freighted with the angels' prayers
To guard my little lass, O.

Her eyes are like a summer sea,
A heaving sea, a grieving sea,
And, ah, their light is all for me,
And all for me her love, O;
As waiting there amid the gloom,
The darkening gloom, the hearkening gloom,
She breathes the evening's faint perfume
That broods the fields above, O.

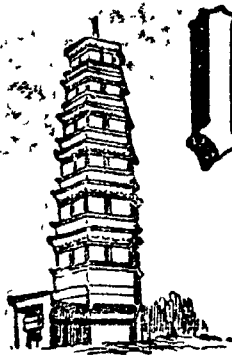
Oh, Margery, my little love,
My nearest love, my dearest love,
Soft-eyed and gentle as a dove,
Across the fields she trips, O;
And, ah, the all-enthraling charm,
The captured charm, the raptured charm,
To feel her hand upon my arm
And touch her dewy lips, O.

Beside the bars with shining eyes,
With youthful eyes, with truthful eyes
The listening vastness of the skies
Bends low to see us meet, O;
Till up the lane she goes from me,
She starts from me, she parts from me,
And all the grasses bow to see
And kiss her passing feet, O.

—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in Truth.

ZULEIKA'S WOOING.

AN ENGLISH COLONEL'S STORY.



It is a good "few years ago since one April found me quartered at Peshawur, in India. Out on the frontier, as most of you know, our extreme outposts are Michni, Abazai and Shubkudr, three as dreary spots as a man could ever hope to see. They have not, as I dare say you know, a single redeeming feature, being solitary mud buildings which hold the police and native troops who are supposed to overawe the tribesmen, and which, except the commandant and the doctor, don't offer many attractions in the way of society. You know what frontier service in the old days was like. Forays by the tradesmen, and punitive expeditions by the Sirkar, carried to such an extent that we almost realized the idea of "Branksome Tower," in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred." You know the sort of life—rows with the tribesmen eternally springing up and dying down again in individual localities, while as a matter of fact there was always trouble at one or more places along the frontier.

At the time I am speaking of, the post of commandant of the frontier forts was not in much quest. I don't know that the authorities at Simla were much troubled by eager applicants; in fact I think the general at Peshawur usually detailed some unlucky major from the Staff Corps and sent him molens volens to hold the fort as long as he could with decency be made to stay. There was trouble brewing that April, and in Peshawur we all knew it. How it came about we none of us cared much, but the man before the then incumbent had gone home sick, and the commandant pro tem, was reported to be in daily fear of his life.

Well, unpleasant as it was, it was scarcely a surprise, when, one morning the assistant adjutant general rode up to my bungalow in great excitement, and told me I was to out at once and assume command of the forts.

"You're to lose no time," he said. "Poor So-and-so" (mentioning the late commandant) "was shot last night by some scoundrel, and the general wants you to try and find out who did it. The police are making inquiries, but you know what that means. By the way, he wants to see you before you go."

A soldier never has much time to make his arrangements, and that very evening I rode out to the forts, having received a long lecture from the general on that confounded word "fact" which, as we find in the service, is always on everybody's lips, and not understood by one man in a hundred who uses it.

Well, I must get on with my story, or we shall be in the Thames before I come to the point of it. I never thought much about tact, but I always believed that a well-born native is as much a gentleman as an English duke, and will behave to you just as you treat him. I soon discovered my unfortunate predecessor had tried to ride rough-shod over the tribesmen, and had made his hand felt in every corner of his command. A Pathan is as vengeful as a Corsican of good family, and will carry his feuds as far as a self-respecting American desperado. There are always ready with knife or rifle to exact vengeance from any enemy, and near Peshawur will often murder the wrong man, if they can't find the right. An Englishman who is accustomed to living in a law-abiding country is no match for them, and so my predecessor found to his cost. They shot him as he was smoking his

pipe after dinner one night, on his own veranda in view of the guard. Of course I never found his murderer—I never expected I should—but I did find that my own system of treatment paid better than his, and before very long I had, as the politicians would have expressed it, "established excellent relations with the surrounding tribesmen."

There was a very simple way of testing this. A few hundred yards from the gate of the fort a former commandant had made for himself a garden, sunk a well, and planted trees. Here most of the vegetables used by the garrison were grown. The Pathans broke down the walls, cut the water courses and stole the vegetables. But I started a different system; I was civil to the neighboring Kahns and sent them baskets of vegetables, and before very long I found my produce grew in plenty, and more, on the fine summer evenings, after the heat of the day, when I went across to the garden and sat under the trees and smoked my pipe, one or other of the Kahns would drop in for a chat, and in a short time I reckoned many friends among the supposed irreclaimable blackguards who owned the frontier villages.

Among them all there was none with whom I got on better than a grand old fellow named Mahomed Aslim Khan, chief of a village near the fort. He was a thorough gentleman, had served in his younger days under the Sikh generals, and was as proud of his home and his scars as any honorable man need be. Many were the pleasant evenings we spent together, for, as I have said, European society was limited, and a fine old fellow like that a perfect godsend to a lonely man.

Well, for a time all went merry as a marriage bell, till one unlucky day a case arose regarding a theft of cattle from old Aslim Khan's village. The thief was caught red-handed and tried by a native magistrate, and condemned chiefly on the Khan's evidence. After the trial, I met the old gentleman casually and exchanged a few sentences with him. Not five minutes later I heard a shot. Alarmed by the cries, I ran in the direction, and to my horror found my old friend wailing in his blood. Inquiry soon showed that the assassin was the thief condemned that day. He had escaped from custody, armed himself somehow, and before finally taking himself off had shot his accuser.

We always kept a portion of the cavalry escort in readiness for emergencies, and in less time than it takes me to tell you, the assassin was being followed by a mounted party. My horse was soon saddled, and I, too, tried to follow, but unsuccessfully, as they were too far ahead, and I had to sit at home and wait for news.

It was late in the afternoon when my search party returned, unsuccessful. They had ridden after the murderer, and, being slightly better mounted, were rapidly gaining on him, when the way was barred by a broad, broken nullah, beyond which lay a village. The assassin knew the ground, his pursuers did not. The advantage enabled him to get clean across the nullah, while the cavalry were looking for a road for their horses.

He rode boldly into the village, from which, unluckily, all the men happened to be absent, and finding an elderly woman munching a chupatti, snatched it from her hand, ate a portion, and proclaimed that he had eaten of their salt, and claimed sanctuary. You know the Pathans. By the time my party got across the nullah he was securely hidden, and while they were haggling, a second search party arrived from Michni under command of a European officer. Had the natives been left to themselves they would probably have secured their man, but the officer, in wholesome dread of the authorities' orders regarding frontier complications, said he must withdraw, as they were out of British territory, and sent both parties home. Personally, I think I should have risked a wiggling, as the Pathans were little like to object to the capture of a British subject who had murdered one of themselves. But my subaltern ruled differently.

Of course we were disappointed, but one or two Kahns who were with me bade me be of good cheer; the murderer would be caught. I said I hoped so.

Next day a fine young Pathan, who was a sower in the cavalry detachment at the fort, came to me and asked for long leave to visit his home. I granted it without hesitation, but that night, as I rode past the spot near my garden where his relatives had buried the body of poor Mahomed Aslim Khan, I saw that a lamp was burning on the new-made grave, and flowers were strewn upon it; and happening to meet one of the Kahns, I was told that where public punishment had failed, private vengeance would step in. The young sower, Afzul by name, had taken up the vendetta, and Aslim's murder would assuredly be avenged.

It was six weeks later when, one evening, my servant brought me news that Afzul, the sower, would like to be admitted to my august presence. I readily granted the permission, and in he came. He was a great swell. His flowing, white garments were new and spotless, his hair carefully dressed, and his face clean shaved, except his

mustache. I asked him what brought him to see me, and a smile of pride lit up his face as he replied, with many curses on the dead scoundrel, that Aslim's murderer had met his deserts, and that he himself had slain him. Shocked as I was, I asked for particulars. He told me how with infinite patience he had tracked the assassin from village to village as he fled from the vengeance which was, he knew full well, sure to follow. How he had assumed disguise, and traveled hard, often hungry and thirsty, through the valleys, till at last, one evening at sunset he had overtaken his enemy. He had found him in a quiet spot kneeling, with his face toward Mecca, beside the shrine of some forgotten saint, going punctiliously through those devotions which no pious Mussulman, however blood-stained his hands may be, ever neglects. He described how he stood watching him paying his last devotions on earth, his own finger on the trigger of his carbine, and how, as he finished his devotions, he rose and folded up the shawl he had used as a carpet. This was Afzul's opportunity. Calling upon the assassin to turn, he covered him with the carbine, and reviling him in all the expressive terms of Pathan abuse, he then and there, as the sun disappeared in the west, shot his enemy like a dog.

You know how hard it often is to fit our English notions of justice on to native customs. Personally, I should have liked to let the boy, for he was little more, go scot free. But the commandant of the frontier forts dared not do so, and to Afzul's surprise I ordered him into custody. I did so with great regret. After he was securely locked up I sent for the Tehsildar and asked if he was safe. I think the man guessed my anxiety, for he said gravely, as an Oriental will, even when he is making a joke: "Sahib, that young man is as safe as we can make him, but our prison is a very bad one. Men escape."

"But Afzul won't?" I asked, eagerly. "These things, my lord," he answered, "are in the hands of Providence. We must wait and see."

Next morning the Tehsildar was early at my house. As he spoke I could not help thinking that the suspicion of a smile was lingering round his fat face.

"My lord," he said, joining his hands and bowing to the ground, "a miracle has happened. In the night that young man broke his bonds and escaped. I fear we shall not see him again."

I need not tell you how I held an inquiry and censured all concerned. I do not think they minded much. None of them seemed to think I was in earnest. However, there was no help for it—Afzul had vanished. That night I rode away toward old Aslim Khan's village. As I approached I heard sounds of merriment, and presently there issued from the village a gay procession. First came a group of horsemen all gayly attired, and preceded by drums and horns—among them was one I thought I knew—then followed a closed litter, and then a lot of men driving buffaloes and carrying distaffs, cooking-pots, and a large native bed, painted in gaudy colors. As they saw me the musicians beat louder than ever, and I thought the horseman waved his hand. I determined to inquire. An old graybeard volunteered information.

"Your lordship," he said, "probably knew the late Mahomed Aslim Khan, who is now with the prophet in Paradise. He had a lovely daughter, Zuleika, who loved a young man, Afzul by name. The chief did not favor the match, for he was rich and the young man was poor. Well, the chief was slain, and Afzul undertook to avenge him. Now the beautiful Zuleika is his by conquest. Yonder Afzul rides, this is his bride, these are the marriage gifts. They are going Afzul's home in a distant village."

I turned my horse's head home more or less contented, though I pondered, too, over the strangeness of frontier customs.

That was the only excitement while I was commandant. Well, lads, that's my yarn. Make the best of it. If we don't turn in, it will be daylight before we get to bed. Good-night.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Fresh Water Pearls.

"The business of finding fresh water pearls is not altogether what it has been represented in the newspapers," said J. C. Adams, of Knoxville, Tenn., at the Shoreham. "The existence of pearls along the Clinch and Holston Rivers has always been known, but it has only been within the past two or three years that it was supposed they were of any value. The first intimation that they were marketable came in an article describing similar pearls found in the Miami River in Ohio. Then pearl fishing took a sudden boom, and everybody seemed to think they would get rich. For a time pearls were brought into Knoxville in large quantities, but the prices were not so large as was expected. Still the business was profitable enough to induce those without steady employment to devote their time to it. Now, those easily obtained are almost all gone. It would not pay to go to much expense getting, so the pearl boom is rapidly dying out."—Washington Star.



WEANING THE CALF.

The sympathetic bond between the cow and the calf is worth considering. It is a natural bond and it pays to regard nature. On account of this sympathetic bond it is common for the cow to shrink in her milk yield through the worry caused by separating her from her calf. We have settled down to the following practice as the most satisfactory in our case: The first night allow the calf to remain with the cow. The succeeding night turn it in to suckle and then remove it until morning, when it is again permitted to suck. As soon as the milk is good milk the cow, but have the calf by her side while you are milking. Tie so she can see the calf and perhaps fondle it, and she will be reconciled to the operation at once, and the change is made without any worry on the part of the cow or the owner. She soon takes no heed whether the calf is there or not, and the weaning is accomplished without even a protest on her part.—Rural Life.

YOU CAN'T HURRY THE HEN.

When fowls don't lay as many eggs as we think they ought to, especially at this season of the year, we naturally do something to stir them up—feed meat and egg producing food. If we are not quite familiar with this line of procedure, we are apt to look for almost immediate results, and are quite sure to be disappointed.

We can feed cows for an increased supply of milk and get it quickly, because the process between the digestion and the making of milk is rapid; not so the process between the fowl and the egg. The egg is quite complicated, not only in its entire structure but in the process of putting on the shell—the last process, however, being the quickest performed. The germ of the egg being there, all that is required are the proper conditions to mature it—and time.

How long a time? Well, about two weeks at least. In other words, it is a matter of haste on our part and a matter of taking it easy on the part of the fowls.—Poultry Monthly.

PLOWING UNDER BUCKWHEAT.

The quick growth of buckwheat and its broad, expansive leaves, enabling it to take much of its substance from the air, has suggested to others as to you that it ought to be a good crop to plow under for green manure. Unfortunately, however, all the buckwheat plant takes from the air through its leaves is only carbon, and of comparatively little value as a fertilizer. We have seen rank growths of this crop plowed under green, but never saw a good crop of anything else thus produced. It used to be said by old farmers that buckwheat plowed under from scattered seed late in spring for corn was poisonous to the corn crop. We do not believe this, but these farmers probably thought the buckwheat growth, being nearly as bulky as clover, ought to be equally valuable. When its results were so inferior it was easy to imagine that the corn after buckwheat, being so much inferior to that on clover sod, had been really injured by the former. In one respect, buckwheat ought to be good for corn, as it makes the soil very light and friable, so that if the fertility is there, the corn roots will easily find it. As for plowing under buckwheat as preparation for wheat, it should never be done. The buckwheat will make the soil so light and porous that it will hold a great deal of water, and wheat on such soil will almost inevitably winter kill.—Boston Cultivator.

STARTING A DAIRY.

There are every year men starting in as farmers who have no cows of any kind. This class will, as a rule, find it to their interest not to stock up the first year with the full number of cows they expect to keep. This is because it will be found almost impossible to buy the best cows out of any herd. It is better to raise a herd of dairy cows—better for several reasons. First, by using males of improved dairy breeds a better class of cows can be raised than can as a rule be purchased; second, they will be more gentle if properly trained from calfhood to maturity; third, they are more contented, and contentment counts.

At the bottom of all successful dairying, whether conducted entirely on the farm, or partly as associated dairying, is dairy education, dairy habits, and sometimes it may be called dairy instinct. Instinct is said to be the sum of inherited habits. This is doubtless the best definition that can be given of it. Hence the best dairy communities are those where dairying has been carried on for generations.

Kindness, patience, painstaking, keen observation and steadfastness of purpose are all important factors in producing good results. If dairying

is not thought to be worth your best efforts let it alone by all means. Let it alone if it is irksome to you. Devotion and application to an enterprise beget a love for it, or should, and if they do not there is something wrong.

There is a moral side to dairying. Regular habits are acquired. Men who keep cows must be at home at milking time—home is a good place. Very few good dairymen are whisky drinkers. Dairy communities, as a rule, furnish but little business for lawyers. Dairying is educating and elevating if intelligently followed; this is especially true of home dairying.—Western Rural.

METHODS FOR KILLING WEEDS.

If weeds cannot be completely exterminated they may be brought under subjection, and in restricted localities this subjection may approach so near to extermination as to prevent any material damage without requiring appreciable extra labor. If the weed, like many of our most abundant kinds, is an annual, reproducing itself from the seeds only and dying root and branch each year, it may be subjected by preventing seed production. The seeds of many annuals retain their vitality for several years, so that if they once become abundant in the soil they are likely to germinate at irregular intervals, and thus cause trouble for a long time, even though no fresh seed is introduced. In this case merely preventing the production of seed will gradually reduce the quantity of weeds and will prevent any further spreading.

A thousand young seedlings may be destroyed in this manner by the cultivator with less effort than a single mature plant can be destroyed, and every seedling killed means one less weed seed in the soil. Barren summer fallowing is often practiced to clear out weedy land by the method just described; but usually corn, potatoes, alfalfa, cabbages, or beets may better be grown, giving a profitable return for the extra cultivation. The best results can be obtained, of course, with crops that allow cultivation during the greater part of the season, and that do not shade the soil too much, as the direct rays of the sun heating the surface of the soil aid materially in the germination of many seeds. As annual weeds usually thrive best in soil that has been broken but is not occupied, it is evident that broken land should not be permitted to remain idle.

Biennials, such as burdock, wild carrot, and bull thistle, store up nourishment in thickened roots during the first year of growth, and during the second year they produce seed and die. Many species which are ordinarily true biennials will live three years, or possibly longer if seed production is prevented by mowing or cutting the stem above the crown of the root. In fact, mowing or cutting off the main stem often induces it to branch out at the base and send up several stalks in place of one. Cutting the roots below the crown usually kills them. If this work is to be done by hand with a hoe, grub hoe, or spud, as is often the case with bull thistles on new ground, it can be done most effectively and with the least labor in the fall, during the first year of growth. Biennial weeds are readily killed by cultivation such as is given to hoed crops, and the seeds may be cleaned out of the land by this method.

Perennial weeds reproduce themselves by seeds, and also propagate by some form of perennial underground stem, as the rootstocks of Canada thistle and couch grass, the corm or solid bulb of the nut grass and chufa, and the bulb of the wild onion. A few plants sometimes classed as noxious weeds have runners above ground, as Bermuda grass. To destroy perennial weeds seed production must be prevented and the underground portion must be killed. Seed production may be prevented by mowing when the first flower buds appear, the same as in the case of annuals or biennials. The rootstocks may be dug up and removed, a remedy that can be practically applied only in small areas. Salt, coal oil, or strong acid applied to as to come in contact with the freshly cut roots or rootstocks destroys them for some distance from the point of contact. Crude sulphuric acid is probably the most effective of comparatively inexpensive materials that can be used for this purpose, but its strong corrosive properties render it dangerous to handle. Rootstocks may be starved to death by preventing any development of green leaves or other parts above ground.—Denver Field and Farm.

The pan-Presbyterian council, at its recent session in Glasgow, Scotland, unanimously accepted the invitation to hold its meeting in Washington, D. C., in 1899.

THE TRYST.

At night beneath the silver stars,
The gleaming stars, the dreaming stars,
She waits beside the pasture bars
Till down the path I pass, O;
And all the whispers of the airs,
The shifting airs, the drifting airs,
Are freighted with the angels' prayers
To guard my little lass, O.

Her eyes are like a summer sea,
A heaving sea, a grieving sea,
And, ah, their light is all for me,
And all for me her love, O;
As waiting there amid the gloom,
The darkening gloom, the hearkening gloom,
She breathes the evening's faint perfume
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It was six weeks later when, one evening, my servant brought me news that Asful, the sower, would like to be admitted to my august presence. I readily granted the permission, and in he came. He was a great swell. His flowing, white garments were new and spotless, his hair carefully dressed, and his face clean shaven, except his

mustache. I asked him what brought him to see me, and a smile of pride lit up his face as he replied, with many curses on the dead scoundrel, that Aslim's murderer had met his deserts, and that he himself had slain him. Shocked as I was, I asked for particulars. He told me how with infinite patience he had tracked the assassin from village to village as he fled from the vengeance which was, he knew full well, sure to follow. How he had assumed disguise, and traveled hard, often hungry and thirsty, through the valleys, till at last, one evening at sunset he had overtaken his enemy. He had found him in a quiet spot kneeling, with his face toward Mecca, beside the shrine of some forgotten saint, going punctiliously through those devotions which no pious Mussulman, however blood-stained his hands may be, ever neglects. He described how he stood watching him paying his last devotions on earth, his own finger on the trigger of his carbine, and how, as he finished his devotions, he rose and folded up the shawl he had used as a carpet. This was Asful's opportunity. Calling upon the assassin to turn, he covered him with the carbine, and reviling him in all the expressive terms of Pathan abuse, he then and there, as the sun disappeared in the west, shot his enemy like a dog.

You know how hard it often is to fit our English notions of justice on to native customs. Personally, I should have liked to let the boy, for he was little more, go scot free. But the commandant of the frontier forts dared not do so, and to Asful's surprise I ordered him into custody. I did so with great regret. After he was securely looked up I sent for the Tehsildar and asked if he was safe. I think the man guessed my anxiety, for he said gravely, as an Oriental will, even when he is making a joke: "Sahib, that young man is as safe as we can make him, but our prison is a very bad one. Men escape."

"But Asful won't?" I asked, eagerly.

"These things, my lord," he answered, "are in the hands of Providence. We must wait and see."

Next morning the Tehsildar was early at my house. As he spoke I could not help thinking that the suspicion of a smile was lingering round his fat face.

"My lord," he said, joining his hands and bowing to the ground, "a miracle has happened. In the night that young man broke his bonds and escaped. I fear we shall not see him again."

I need not tell you how I held an inquiry and censured all concerned. I do not think they minded much. None of them seemed to think I was in earnest. However, there was no help for it—Asful had vanished.

That night I rode away toward old Aslim Khan's village. As I approached it I heard sounds of merriment, and presently there issued from the village a gay procession. First came a group of horsemen all gayly attired, and preceded by drums and horns—among them was one I thought I knew—then followed a closed litter, and then a lot of men driving buffaloes and carrying distaffs, cooking-pots, and a large native bed, painted in gaudy colors. As they saw me the musicians beat louder than ever, and I thought the horseman waved his hand. I determined to inquire. An old graybeard volunteered information.

"Your lordship," he said, "probably knew the late Mahomed Aslim Khan, who is now with the prophet in Paradise. He had a lovely daughter, Zuleika, who loved a young man, Asful by name. The chief did not favor the match, for he was rich and the young man was poor. Well, the chief was slain, and Asful undertook to avenge him. Now the beautiful Zuleika is his by conquest. Yonder Asful rides, this is his bride, these are the marriage gifts. They are going Asful's home in a distant village."

I turned my horse's head home more or less contented, though I pondered, too, over the strangeness of frontier customs.

That was the only excitement while I was commandant. Well, lads, that's my yarn. Make the best of it. If we don't turn in, it will be daylight before we get to bed. Good-night.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Fresh Water Pearls.

"The business of finding fresh water pearls is not altogether what it has been represented in the newspapers," said J. O. Adams, of Knoxville, Tenn., at the Shoreham. "The existence of pearls along the Clinch and Holston Rivers has always been known, but it has only been within the past two or three years that it was supposed they were of any value. The first intimation that they were marketable came in an article describing similar pearls found in the Miami River in Ohio. Then pearl fishing took a sudden boom, and everybody seemed to think they would get rich. For a time pearls were brought into Knoxville in large quantities, but the prices were not so large as was expected. Still the business was profitable enough to induce those without steady employment to devote their time to it. Now, those easily obtained are almost all gone. It would not pay to go to much expense getting, so the pearl boom is rapidly dying out."—Washington Star.



WEANING THE CALF.

The sympathetic bond between the cow and the calf is worth considering. It is a natural bond and it pays to regard nature. On account of this sympathetic bond it is common for the cow to shrink in her milk yield through the worry caused by separating her from her calf. We have settled down to the following practice as the most satisfactory in our case: The first night allow the calf to remain with the cow. The succeeding night turn it in to suckle and then remove it until morning, when it is again permitted to suck. As soon as the milk is good milk the cow, but have the calf by her side while you are milking. Tie so she can see the calf and perhaps fuddle it, and she will be reconciled to the operation at once, and the change is made without any worry on the part of the cow or the owner. She soon takes no heed whether the calf is there or not, and the weaning is accomplished without even a protest on her part.—Rural Life.

YOU CAN'T HURRY THE HEN.

When fowls don't lay as many eggs as we think they ought to, especially at this season of the year, we naturally do something to stir them up—feed meat and egg producing food. If we are not quite familiar with this line of procedure, we are apt to look for almost immediate results, and are quite sure to be disappointed.

We can feed cows for an increased supply of milk and get it quickly, because the process between the digestion and the making of milk is rapid; not so the process between the fowl and the egg. The egg is quite complicated, not only in its entire structure but in the process of putting on the shell—the last process, however, being the quickest performed. The germ of the egg being there, all that is required are the proper conditions to mature it—and time.

How long a time? Well, about two weeks at least. In other words, it is a matter of haste on our part and a matter of taking it easy on the part of the fowls.—Poultry Monthly.

FLOWING UNDER BUCKWHEAT.

The quick growth of buckwheat and its broad, expansive leaves, enabling it to take much of its substance from the air, has suggested to others as to you that it ought to be a good crop to plow under for green manure. Unfortunately, however, all the buckwheat plant takes from the air through its leaves is only carbon, and of comparatively little value as a fertilizer. We have seen rank growths of this crop plowed under green, but never saw a good crop of anything else thus produced. It used to be said by old farmers that buckwheat plowed under from scattered seed late in spring for corn was poisonous to the corn crop. We do not believe this, but these farmers probably thought the buckwheat growth, being nearly as bulky as clover, ought to be equally valuable. When its results were so inferior it was easy to imagine that the corn after buckwheat, being so much inferior to that on clover sod, had been really injured by the former. In one respect, buckwheat ought to be good for corn, as it makes the soil very light and friable, so that if the fertility is there, the corn roots will easily find it. As for plowing under buckwheat as preparation for wheat, it should never be done. The buckwheat will make the soil so light and porous that it will hold a great deal of water, and wheat on such soil will almost inevitably winter kill.—Boston Cultivator.

STARTING A DAIRY.

There are every year men starting in as farmers who have no cows of any kind. This class will, as a rule, find it to their interest not to stock up the first year with the full number of cows they expect to keep. This is because it will be found almost impossible to buy the best cows out of any herd. It is better to raise a herd of dairy cows—better for several reasons. First, by using males of improved dairy breeds a better class of cows can be raised than can as a rule be purchased; second, they will be more gentle if properly trained from calfhood to maturity; third, they are more contented, and contentment counts.

At the bottom of all successful dairying, whether conducted entirely on the farm, or partly as associated dairying, is dairy education, dairy habits, and sometimes it may be called dairy instinct. Instinct is said to be the sum of inherited habits. This is doubtless the best definition that can be given of it. Hence the best dairy communities are those where dairying has been carried on for generations.

Kindness, patience, painstaking, keen observation and steadfastness of purpose are all important factors in producing good results. If dairying

is not thought to be worth your best efforts let it alone by all means. Let it alone if it is irksome to you. Devotion and application to an enterprise beget a love for it, or should, and if they do not there is something wrong.

There is a moral side to dairying. Regular habits are acquired. Men who keep cows must be at home at milking time—home is a good place. Very few good dairymen are whisky drinkers. Dairy communities, as a rule, furnish but little business for lawyers. Dairying is educating and elevating if intelligently followed; this is especially true of home dairying.—Western Rural.

METHODS FOR KILLING WEEDS.

If weeds cannot be completely exterminated they may be brought under subjection, and in restricted localities this subjection may approach so near to extermination as to prevent any material damage without requiring appreciable extra labor. If the weed, like many of our most abundant kinds, is an annual, reproducing itself from the seeds only and dying root and branch each year, it may be subjected by preventing seed production. The seeds of many annuals retain their vitality for several years, so that if they once become abundant in the soil they are likely to germinate at irregular intervals, and thus cause trouble for a long time, even though no fresh seed is introduced. In this case merely preventing the production of seed will gradually reduce the quantity of weeds and will prevent any further spreading.

A thousand young seedlings may be destroyed in this manner by the cultivator with less effort than a single mature plant can be destroyed, and every seedling killed means one less weed seed in the soil. Barron summer fallowing is often practiced to clear out weedy land by the method just described; but usually corn, potatoes, alfalfa, cabbages, or beets may better be grown, giving a profitable return for the extra cultivation. The best results can be obtained, of course, with crops that allow cultivation during the greater part of the season, and that do not shade the soil too much, as the direct rays of the sun heating the surface of the soil aid materially in the germination of many seeds. As annual weeds usually thrive best in soil that has been broken but is not occupied, it is evident that broken land should not be permitted to remain idle.

Biennials, such as burdock, wild carrot, and bull thistle, store up nourishment in thickened roots during the first year of growth, and during the second year they produce seed and die. Many species which are ordinarily true biennials will live three years, or possibly longer if seed production is prevented by mowing or cutting the stem above the crown of the root. In fact, mowing or cutting off the main stem often induces it to branch out at the base and send up several stalks in place of one. Cutting the roots below the crown usually kills them. If this work is to be done by hand with a hoe, grub hoe, or spud, as is often the case with bull thistles on new ground, it can be done most effectively and with the least labor in the fall, during the first year of growth. Biennial weeds are readily killed by cultivation such as is given to hood crops, and the seeds may be cleaned out of the land by this method.

Perennial weeds reproduce themselves by seeds, and also propagate by some form of perennial underground stem, as the rootstalks of Canada thistle and couch grass, the corm or solid bulb of the nut grass and chufa, and the bulb of the wild onion. A few plants sometimes classed as noxious weeds have runners above ground, as Bermuda grass. To destroy perennial weeds seed production must be prevented and the underground portion must be killed. Seed production may be prevented by mowing when the first flower buds appear, the same as in the case of annuals or biennials. The rootstocks may be dug up and removed, a remedy that can be practically applied only in small areas. Salt, coal oil, or strong acid applied so as to come in contact with the freshly cut roots or rootstocks destroys them for some distance from the point of contact. Crude sulphuric acid is probably the most effective of comparatively inexpensive materials that can be used for this purpose, but its strong corrosive properties render it dangerous to handle. Rootstocks may be starved to death by preventing any development of green leaves or other parts above ground.—Denver Field and Farm.

The pan-Protestant council, at its recent session in Glasgow, Scotland, unanimously accepted the invitation to hold its meeting in Washington, D. C., in 1899.

of Lio

Health Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is impossible without pure, healthy blood. Purified and vitalized blood results from taking Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. 25c.

A Despotist Postmistress.

She was postmistress of Penzance, Cornwall, and ruled her office with a hand of steel. She had two rules which admitted of no exception—she never gave change, and she would not open the office window when "Box Closed" or "Mail not Sorted" was placarded. The sport-loving general often tried to break through her cast-iron rules. Two such attempts Mr. Baines, sometime inspector general of her majesty's mails, chronicles in his book, "On the Track of the Mail-Coach."

A traveler wagered that he would break through the blockade of "Box Closed." He knocked so persistently at the little window, that at last it was opened far enough for him to thrust in a bundle of letters. He thought for a moment that he had won; but he didn't know the postmistress, who hung his letters into the street.

Then a colonel undertook to undermine the postmistress's position on the giving-of-change question. Presenting himself at the window, he tendered a half-crown, requesting to be supplied with a shilling's worth of postage stamps.

"I give no change," said the lady. "Oh, very well," replied the colonel. He withdrew for a minute or two, and then returned with a bag of sixty pennies. Tapping gently at the window, he suavely said, "A penny stamp, if you please, madam."

She fixed him with the glittering eye of triumph, took the penny, gave the stamp, and shut the window. A minute later there was a second knock, and a second request, "A penny postage stamp, if you please, madam!" At the thirtieth penny the postmistress surrendered and agreed to give change.

CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small. No city so large. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters. They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and



tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.

The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb: Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.

All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

Nothing

so Clean,
so Durable,
so Economical,
so Elegant

S. H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS.

You have to pay the same price for the "just as good." Why not insist on having what you want—S. H. & M.

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Home Dressmaking Made Easy, a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

DROPSY

Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands of cases of Dropsy. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear. Ten days after a second dose of symptoms are gone. BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS, of names and addresses sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE BY MAIL. DR. H. H. GILLIS & CO., 202 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. N. U. 37 96

PISO'S CURE FOR
LUNGS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in all cases. 34 and 35 N. 3rd St., N. Y. City.

Italian Adventures in Abyssinia.
Comparable in many respects to our Indian fighting, the disastrous campaign in Abyssinia has not merely taught the Italians a hard lesson, but has supplied them with a fund of stories of individual bravery which will prove bracing to the national valor, though the main result of the campaign is crushing to the national pride. Men engaged in desperate conflict with the North American Indians are known to save one charge in their rifles or revolvers to be used on themselves at the last extremity—to save them from Indian torture. It is estimated that hundreds of Italians died by their own hands in the battle of Adowa and during the terrible days which followed it for the same reason.

General Arimondi is known to have committed suicide in the presence of his remaining men; but this was rather from chagrin and grief than from fear of torture at the hands of the enemy.

Sometimes the Italian officers were too ready to hasten their fate, and in some instances they estimated too unfavorably the character of their enemy. Captain Ademollo and Lieutenant Menarini, after being both badly wounded, fell into the hands of the Abyssinian chief, Sebati. They expected to be put to death, but through the intervention of the chief they were given drink and set at liberty.

Soon, however, they were surrounded by another band of about a dozen natives. By this time the two officers had been joined by an Italian corporal, who had his rifle. Giving themselves up for lost, the two officers were about to shoot themselves.

"Don't be such fools!" said the corporal. He led the way to a rock, and the three white men leaned their backs against it. Then the corporal proceeded to bring down three or four of the Abyssinians to skillfully that the rest took to flight. Captain, lieutenant and corporal all succeeded in reaching a place of safety.

The name of the corporal is not preserved by the Italian papers which narrate this adventure, though he seems more worthy of fame than many men of higher rank.

Hogs that Swim.
It is generally believed that hogs cannot swim, but Capt. Alfred Platt of Burlington, N. J., says his can. Capt. Platt owns a farm on Burlington Island.

Several days ago he was looking over his stock, when he became aware that some of his hogs were missing. He began a search for the fugitives, and going down on the beach he was surprised to find a dozen of them swimming around in the water.

He tried in various ways to coax them to shore, but in vain. After having stayed in the water as long as they cared to they slowly made their way back to their sty without so much as a glance at their owner.

A few days later there were some little pigs born, and before they were twenty-four hours old they were taken for a swim by their parents, who had become so fond of the sport that they visited the beach daily.—New York Herald.

Every summer we wish we were as cold-blooded as people say we are.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
P. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.
Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

There are
soaps and soaps
but only one

Sunlight Soap

which is the soap of
soaps and washes clothes
with less labor and greater comfort.

Makes homes brighter.
Makes hearts lighter.
Lever Bros. Ltd.,
Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Woman's Variability—A Bright Woman—The Summer Art School—A Serious One—Proud, Etc.

Time works a strange distraction. In the object of her zeal; She's forgot to want the ballot Since she learned to ride the wheel. —Washington Star.

MORE GOLDEN THAN SILENCE.

Jawkins—"Why do you applaud that rot?"
Hogg—"Hang it, if you would do the same it would help us not to hear it."—Truth.

HISTORY'S ITERATION.

Maud Askit—"Which one of them did you say you hated?"
Graen Cariot—"Sh! they'll hear you; I'll kiss the one I mean on both cheeks."—Puck.

A BRIGHT WOMAN.

Miss Gowan—"I envy the way you can talk to Mr. Caustique; he never sits on any of your remarks."
Miss Gotham—"No; I make them too pointed."—Judge.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

"Large ears are a sign of generosity," observed the philosopher.
"That's true; but then most men with large ears are sensitive about it, and try to conceal them."—Harper's Bazar.

A SERIOUS ONE.

Citizen (offering bonds)—"I own a six-story flat house in Harlem."
Magistrate—"That's all right. Any incumbence?"
Citizen—"Well, there's the janitor."—Puck.

THE SUMMER ART SCHOOL.

"This is very good, Miss Bagley, but you want to bring your background out a little more strongly."
"I know, Mr. Crane; but don't you think the frame will do that?"—Harper's Bazar.

IMPRESSED WITH THE FACT.

"Johnnie!" said Mr. Chaffie to that hopeful youth, "I did not know until to-day that you were whipped at school last week."
"Didn't you know it, pa? I knew it all the time."—Texas Sifter.

PROUD.

"I owe no man a cent," said he proudly. They gazed on him with wondering admiration.
"No man on earth. The only persons I owe are my landlady and my washerwoman."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HER.

Mabel—"Emily steams her husband's letters open every chance she gets."
Maude—"Oh, well, she isn't mean about it. She seals them up again and never blows him up."—Truth.

PROOF OF ABILITY.

"Young Jones is a pretty bright fellow."
"Didn't he deliver the valedictory at his college commencement a couple of weeks ago?"
"Yes; and he's begun to revise his opinions already."

ON THE TRAIN.

Rural Passenger—"Young man, I'd like to get your views on the crime of Seventy-three."
Oholly—"Aw—weally—aw!—there's so much ewiminal news in the papers—I—aw—didn't notice anything about it, donecherknow!"

NATURALLY.

Teacher—"Tommy, when was Rome built?"
Tommy—"In the night."
Teacher—"How came you to make such a mistake?"
Tommy—"You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day."—Brooklyn Life.

SOLDIERS TOO COMMON.

Mother—"Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you."
Daughter—"But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them."—Texas Sifter.

KNOWING.

Blobbs—"What nonsense it is for newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the brides being led to the altar."
Slobbs—"How so?"
Blobbs—"Why most of the girls could find their way in the dark."—Pearson's Weekly.

SOUND BUSINESS POLICY.

Mrs. Walker—"I don't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier, it is a loss to the doctors."
Mr. Walker—"I know; but they figure that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week."—Puck.

"Uncle Billy" Hubbell of Bath, N. Y.

From the Advocate, Bath, N. Y.

Residents of Bath, N. Y., have taken a great fancy of late to Lake Umbagog, which lies just outside the village, and during the past two years a score of new cottages have gone up on its shores. Choice locations are becoming scarce and the early settlers are careful now to keep what dooryard they have left. Your correspondent visited the Lake recently and dropped in to see "Uncle Billy" Hubbell in his comfortable cottage under the pines. Mr. Hubbell established himself at the Lake before the boom commenced, and has one of the prettiest locations there.

Mr. Hubbell said that this was the first spring in twenty years in which he had been free from his old enemy, sciatic rheumatism. He thought he had contracted this disease while running an express messenger on the Erie and other railroads between 1819 and 1859, although he did not feel its acute symptoms until some fifteen years later. Mr. Hubbell is now the second oldest expressman in the United States and recalls many interesting reminiscences of these early days. In 1876 he went to the Western frontier, and has suffered from sciatic rheumatism ever since. Speaking of the many efforts he had made to get relief from this painful ailment, he said that while in New Mexico he visited the Las Vegas and Hannas springs, and later he tried those at Manitou, Col., and Little Rock, Ark. Coming east he tried the White Sulphur Springs, Ohio, St. Catherine, Can., and Clifton and Aven, in New York, but without being able to get the slightest relief. As he advanced in age, his trouble became more painful. "Why," he exclaimed, pointing to the farm house of William Burleson, about six hundred feet distant, "I would yell so when those twinges caught me that they could hear me down there."

William H. Hallock, owner of Hallock's bank, in Bath, is a nephew of Mr. Hubbell, and last winter he insisted that "Uncle Billy" should try Pink Pills for Pale People for his rheumatism. Mr. Hubbell is free to say that he had no faith in the pills whatever, and only tried them because of the insistence of Mr. Hallock. He had already tried "more than a million remedies" before he came to Pink Pills and as none had rendered him the slightest benefit, he was pretty well discouraged. However, to please Mr. Hallock, he got a box of Pink Pills. Since then (some three or four months), Mr. Hubbell has not felt a single trace of rheumatism, and is now on his fourth box of the pills. He cannot explain how this marvelous relief was effected, but feels sure it was the pills which did it, and is now as enthusiastic in their endorsement as was his nephew, Mr. Hallock. Mr. Hubbell now comes into Bath almost every day, and says he could ride a bicycle if he only had some one to help him on and off.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of May, 1896.

W. P. FISH, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTENSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Sword-fish as food is infinitely superior to salmon.

Catarrh and Cold Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

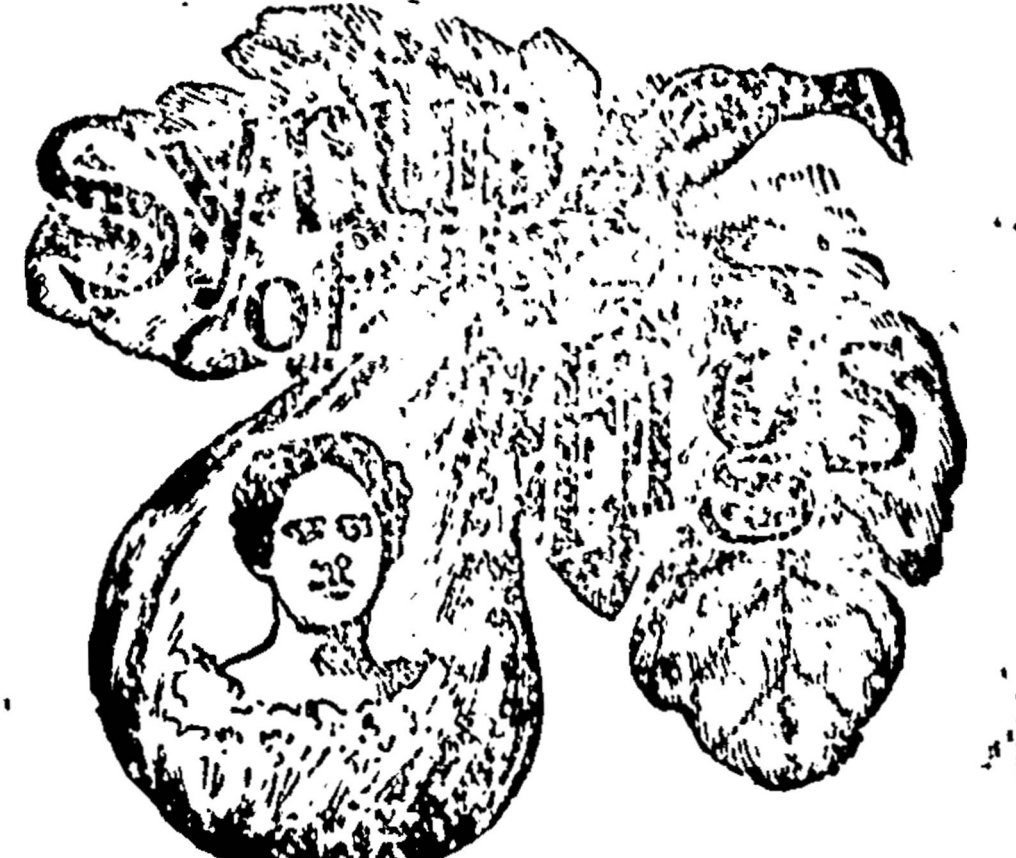
One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 50,000 eggs.

All who use Dobbin's Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once, you will tell a still stronger tale of its merits than this. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

The first church on the site of St. Paul's, London, was built in 610.

FITZ stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free \$2 mail booklet. Treatise, Send to Dr. Kline, 181 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

P. N. U. 37

and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

"It Bridges You Over."

Battle Ax PLUG

"Battle Ax" bridges a man over many a tight place when his pocket-book is lean. A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" will last about as long as a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos. This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

Don't Put Off Till To-morrow the Duties of To-day.
Buy a Cake of
SAPOLIO

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

THE CAMPAIGNERS

Mutiny on a Spanish Warship.

MADRID, Oct. 15.—A mutiny from Fer-
reira says that a mutiny has occurred on
and the Spanish warship Alfonso XIII.
ing at that port. Forty gunners rebelled
against the officers, looted the boats and co-
oped. A fight between the mutineers
and the officers on board the ship
was planned with a result that the
mutiny was suppressed and the mutineers
punished.

Live Stock Markets.
NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Cables quote American steers at 10¢21½c., dressed weight; sheep at 10¢11c., dressed weight; refrigerator beef at \$3½c. Calves quiet and dull for westerns; calves, \$1.30-67.50; grassers, \$2.75-68.25; good west-calves, \$4. Sheep and lambs quiet and easy; poor to fair sheep, \$2.00-25.50; common to fine lambs, \$4.25. Hogs higher at \$3.60-4.10.
EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Oct. 13.—Cattle slow; calves, \$4.40-6.80; common, \$2.75-3.80; bulls, \$2.00-3.00; steers, \$2.60-3.00. Hogs active and higher; medium weight common to \$5.30-60. Best York, \$4.65-5.75; 70; common to fair Yorkers, \$2.50-3.00; heavy hogs, \$4.00-4.25; 60; pigs, as to quality, \$1.60-3.00; roughs, \$1.00-2.25. Sheep slow; 10c. down, \$3.50-5.00; fair, \$2.50-3.50; culls, 70c.-\$1.50. Cattle lambs, \$4.25-5.00; common to good lambs, \$3.50; real calves, \$5.50-60.

CARVER & LITTLE,
No. 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, PA.

The undersigned wishes to inform the citizens of New Chester and the public in general that he has positively decided to close out his entire stock of Homedade and City Furniture at cost. The stock consists of
Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Tables, Extension Tables, Chairs, Mattresses, and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All the goods will be sold at an ever low price to close out the stock as soon as possible. Call and see us whether you want to buy or not. No trouble to show goods.
I WILL CONTINUE UNDERTAKING IN all its branches, keeping constantly on hand Homedade and City Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c. Calls attended to day or night. Charge reasonable.
GEORGE F. WITTERS,
New Chester, Pa.

STATE OF LEWIS LOUG.—Letters
testamentary on the estate of Lewis
Long, late of Mount Pleasant township,
Long county, Pa., dec'd, having been
granted to the undersigned, testing in
the same township, she hereby gives notice
to all persons indebted to said estate
to make immediate payment, and those
having claims against the same to pre-
sent them properly authenticated for set-
tlement.

ANNA MARY LONG,
Ex-citrix.

manager and proprietor,
YORK, PA.

THE
ONLY PERFECT
SEWING MECHANISM
FOR
FAMILY USE.
For sale by E. C. Livingston,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE ITEM,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction of money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

THE CAMPAIGNERS.

McKinley Visited by Another Crowd of Pennsylvanians.

DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 14.—William Jennings Bryan and his party arrived in this city shortly after 6 o'clock last evening, and the candidate made two speeches here. The day's campaigning tour had covered the route from Minneapolis to Duluth, and at every station of worthy size along the line Mr. Bryan spoke to goodly crowds. Upon his arrival in this city he was met by a reception committee, and, with Mrs. Bryan, was escorted to the St. Louis hotel for dinner. He was then driven to the Lyceum theater, where he addressed an enthusiastic meeting of women. Thence he proceeded to the car barn, which was packed to the utmost with the laboring men of Duluth. Here Mr. Bryan was presented with the last token necessary for the signing of a silver bill when it should reach him, providing he should be elected—an elegant silver ink bottle, filled with the fluid necessary for the purpose. Charles A. Towne was chairman of both meetings, and at each of them he presented the nominee in a neat speech.

More Pennsylvanians Visit McKinley.

CANTON, O., Oct. 14.—A special train of six coaches arrived yesterday, after being on the road since 5 o'clock Monday evening. They were miners, mechanics and other citizens of the Lehigh Valley of Pennsylvania. The inclement weather still continued, and the visitors were taken to the Tabernacle, where Major McKinley went to receive their greetings. They gave him a most enthusiastic reception and applauded his address to the echo. The visitors were introduced by ex-Congressman Charles N. Drumm.

Campaigners Delayed by a Wreck.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 14.—John M. Palmer and S. B. Buckner, who were to have spoken in this city last night, did not reach here until midnight, the delay being caused by a wreck on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. A large audience had assembled at the Opera House and was addressed by Dr. William Everett, of Massachusetts, who spoke for the National Democratic ticket and platform.

Archbishop of Canterbury Dead.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—The archbishop of Canterbury was seized with apoplexy after the service commenced at Hawarden church yesterday morning. He was carried to the Hawarden rectory, where he died at 11:30 o'clock. The archbishop arrived at Hawarden on Saturday evening on his return from a visit in the north of Ireland. He appeared then to be in robust health, and expressed to Mrs. Gladstone his great gratification over his Irish tour. He arose early on Sunday and attended the early communion with his wife and others, occupying the Gladstone pew. He was stricken while kneeling in prayer, and died in being carried to the church library. He was 67 years old.

Merchant Crawford Recants.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 14.—Dougald Crawford, the big dry goods merchant who discharged thirteen of his men last Saturday because they announced their intention to vote for Bryan and Sowell, has repented his action, and over his own signature, in a public letter, says he will take the men back. In part he says: "I have invited all of the men to occupy their former positions without loss of salary since they left my employ. A man in anger often makes mistakes, but I do not believe he loses any of his manhood by admitting his error. I desire every man in my employ to vote as he pleases, but I believe that every man who carefully studies existing conditions should vote for McKinley."

Union Veteran Legion Encampment.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—The Union Veteran Legion began its eleventh annual encampment in this city yesterday. A very attractive program has been arranged. This morning a business meeting was held, and in the afternoon a monster parade, to be reviewed by President Cleveland, will take place. Quite a contest has developed over the election of national officers. There are three candidates to succeed National Commander George C. James of Cincinnati. They are Thomas J. McKinley of Philadelphia, J. J. Callahan of Buffalo and John T. Donahue of Wilmington, Del.

The Dauntless Not Yet Off.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The Spanish daily, Novedades, of this city, publishes a denial of the reported landing of a new filibustering expedition in Cuba. Novedades says: "The Dauntless not only has failed to reach Cuba, but thus far has not embarked the expedition, which she is trying to do, and for which purpose she is coasting along the southern border of Florida. What has been announced is what the filibusters intend to do if they can. The program is difficult to execute."

Mutiny on a Spanish Warship.

MADRID, Oct. 14.—A dispatch from Ferrol says that a mutiny has occurred on board the Spanish warship Alfonso XIII, lying at that port. Forty gunners rebelled and attempted to seize the boats and go ashore. A fight between the mutineers and the marines and others on board the ship ensued, with the result that the revolt was suppressed and the mutineers put in prison.

For the whole family

Lively Liver, Pure Blood, Beautiful Complexion, Perfect Health in



NEVER GRIPE NEVER SICKEN NEVER WEAKEN.

Purely vegetable, eat like candy, never fail to induce a natural action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Absolutely guaranteed to cure constipation or your money refunded. 10, 25 or 50c. All druggists. Sample and book free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.

NO-TO-BAG GUARANTEED CURE

Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the habit for tobacco in any form. No-to-bag is the greatest nerve food in the world. Many men 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100 years old and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and new. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Write for booklet "How to Cure Your Habit" and sample. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.

GLAD TIDINGS.—The grand specific for the prevailing malady of the age, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, costiveness, general debility, etc., is Bacon's Celery King for the nerves. This great herbo-herb tonic stimulates the digestive organs, regulates the liver and restores the system to vigorous health and energies. Samples free. Large packages 50c. and 25c. Sold only by E. C. Livingston.

Three Killed by a Falling Rock.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 13.—Three men were instantly killed yesterday by a fall of rock in the Laffin mine. They are: Thomas Mitchell, of Mill Creek, aged 40, married and several children; George Puchuski, of Laffin, aged 24, unmarried, and John Patruso, of Mill Creek, aged 25, unmarried. The men were opening the gangway at the foot of the shaft, and, after firing a blast, had gone back and found a large piece of rock loose, but still hanging to the roof. While trying to force it from such a dangerous position the rock suddenly fell and crushed them beneath it. Their bodies were badly crushed.

Sharpshooters for Cuba.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The World says: George Bartollett, formerly a United States government scout at Wounded Knee, S. D., and one of the best sharpshooters in the country, has been engaged by the Cubans in this city to take a band of fifty sharpshooters to Cuba to aid the insurgents. The sharpshooters are in hiding in different parts of the city, where they will remain until they receive instructions from their leader to be ready to sail from a port a short distance from New York.

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13.—Flour firm; winter superfine, \$2.40@2.70; do. extras, \$2.70@2.90; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.40@3.60; do. do., straight, \$3.65@3.75; western winter, clear, \$3.40@3.60. Wheat steady; October, 74¢@74½¢. Corn firm; October, 33¢@33½¢. Oats firm; October, 25¢@25½¢. Hay firm; choice timothy, \$18.50@19.00 for large bales. Beef firm; city family, \$9.50@10.00. Pork firm; family, \$11. Lard easy; western steam, \$4.00. Butter steady; western dairy, 7¢@11½¢; do. creamery, 12¢@13¢; do. factory, 7¢@11¢; Elgin, 10¢; imitation creamery, 9¢@12½¢; New York dairy, 10¢@17¢; do. creamery, 12¢@13¢; Pennsylvania creamery prints, fancy, 19¢; do. choice, 18¢; do. seconds, 15¢@17¢. Prints jobbing at 20¢@25¢. Cheese steady; New York large, 7¢@8¢; small fancy, 7¢@10¢; part skims, 5¢@6¢; full skims, 2¢@2½¢. Eggs quiet; New York and Pennsylvania, 19¢@20¢; western fresh, 18¢@19¢.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Cables quote American steers at 10¢@11½¢, dressed weight; sheep at 10¢@11¢, dressed weight; refrigerator beef at 6¢@7¢. Calves quiet and dull for westerns; veals, \$4.50@7.50; grassers, \$2.75@3.25; good western calves, \$4. Sheep and lambs quiet and steady; poor to fair sheep, \$2.00@3.25; common to prime lambs, \$4.50. Hogs higher at \$3.00@4.10. EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Oct. 13.—Cattle slow; prime, \$4.40@4.60; common, \$2.75@3.40; bulls, stags and cows, \$2.00@3.50. Hogs active and higher; prime medium weights, \$5.75@6.00; best Yorkers, \$5.00@5.75; common to fair Yorkers, \$3.50@5.00; heavy hogs, \$3.40@3.60; pigs, as to quality, \$2.75@3.30; roughs, \$2.00@2.25. Sheep slow; prime, \$3.50@3.60; fair, \$2.50@3.00; culls, 75¢@1.15; choice lambs, \$4.25@4.50; common to good lambs, \$3.00@4.00; veal calves, \$5.50@6.00.

Solid Facts!

There is entirely too much blow in Newspaper Advertisements now-a-days about Sacrifice Sales, Bankrupt Stocks, Manufacturers unloading, &c., for any one to believe. We never ask the readers of our advertisements to believe any such stuff, but always state solid facts. This season we have bought heavily for Cash, and have secured goods so we can sell them at very reasonable prices. Every department has received careful attention. We are in a position to clothe Ladies, Gentlemen or Children from head to foot, in the most fashionable goods, for a small amount of money. Our Dress Goods stock is larger than ever. The same is true of Overcoats and Suits, and for Merchant Tailor work we have nearly doubled our stock. We have many more Ladies' Coats and Capes and Children's Coats than we ever showed before. We invite all to examine our goods.

CARVER & LITTLE,
No 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, PA.

New Opening.

To the Citizens of New Oxford and Vicinity:—

THE undersigned has just opened has just opened in the J. W. Dicks Store-room, on Carlisle street, New Oxford, Pa., an immensely large line of the latest English, French and German Novelties for Spring and Summer wear. Workmanship Guaranteed. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Terms cash.

Respectfully,
J. F. REININGER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Dicks Bldg., Carlisle St.

GRAIN and PRODUCE

The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on PRIT STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, &c. Will also keep on hand a full stock of FLOUR, FEEDS, SALTS, &c.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

—A GENUINE—
CLOSING-OUT SALE!
of an entire stock of

NEW FURNITURE, &c.,
AT AND BELOW COST.

The undersigned wishes to inform the citizens of New Chester and the public in general that he has positively decided to close out his entire stock of Household and City Furniture at Cost. The stock consists of Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Tables, Extension Tables, Chairs, Mattresses, and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All the goods will be sold at and below cost to close out the stock as soon as possible. Call and see us whether you want to buy or not. No trouble to show goods.

I WILL CONTINUE UNDERTAKING in all its branches, keeping constantly on hand Household and City Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c. Calls attended to day or night. Charges reasonable.
GEORGE F. WITERS,
New Chester, Pa.

Clement Lingg,
SURVEYOR,
NEW OXFORD, PENNA.
Charges moderate.

A VALUABLE FARM

AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers at private sale his desirable farm situated in Strasburg township, Adams county, on road leading from New Chester to Gettysburg pike, about 14 miles from the former place, containing 109 ACRES, more or less, improved with 1½ story House, Bank Barn and all necessary buildings, fruit of all kinds, &c. Land in good state of cultivation. Cattle have access to water from a creek field on the farm. There is also a 10-class factory on the farm. This farm is convenient to churches, stores, markets, schools, &c. Terms very liberal. For further particulars call on or address
SAMUEL WAGNER,
Huntersville, Pa.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

ESTATE OF LEWIS LONG.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Lewis Long, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
ANNA MARY LONG,
Executrix.

FOR RENT.



A LARGE ROOM

on second floor, adjoining THE ITEM office. RENT CHEAP. Inquire of

F. C. LIVINGSTON.

WARM WEATHER IS HERE!

—GO TO—
LIVINGSTON'S
AND—
Soda Drinks ICE CREAM.

Down go the prices again for two weeks

AT **THEO. E. WARNER'S GROCERY**

Arbuckles Coffee only 20c. per lb. Loose roasted coffee 15c. 18c., 28c. and 30c. per lb. Chocolate 15c. per cake—cheap. Matches, 200 for 1 cent California Hams only 8c. per lb. Look at this: A 16 ounce plug of Tobacco for 16 cents—and it is a good chew, too! I have a fine brown sugar that I am selling at 4c., but it will not last long. Don't forget that these low prices only last for two weeks, and are found only at
T. E. WARNER'S CENTER SQUARE GROCERY.

M. G. Colestock, Butcher,
MILLER'S BUILDING,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage
Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY Pure Animal Bone FERTILIZERS, FOR All Crops AND Permanent Grass.

WARRANTED IN THE FULL PRICE OF THE GOODS.
Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market.
WE WILL SELL EITHER BY ANALYSIS, OR WEIGHT.
PREFERABLY THE FORMER WAY. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
26 SOUTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE.

GO TO THE
NEW OXFORD

Monumental Works!

—FOR YOUR—
CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH,
Proprietor.

SPRING FURNITURE!

We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of LOUNGES

They are handsome! —AND—
COUCHES.

It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy. Our **SIDEBOARDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.**, combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. **THE PRICES?** You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

A. S. FEISTER,
PHILADELPHIA STREET,
New Oxford, Pa.

The METROPOLITAN
Collecting Agency.

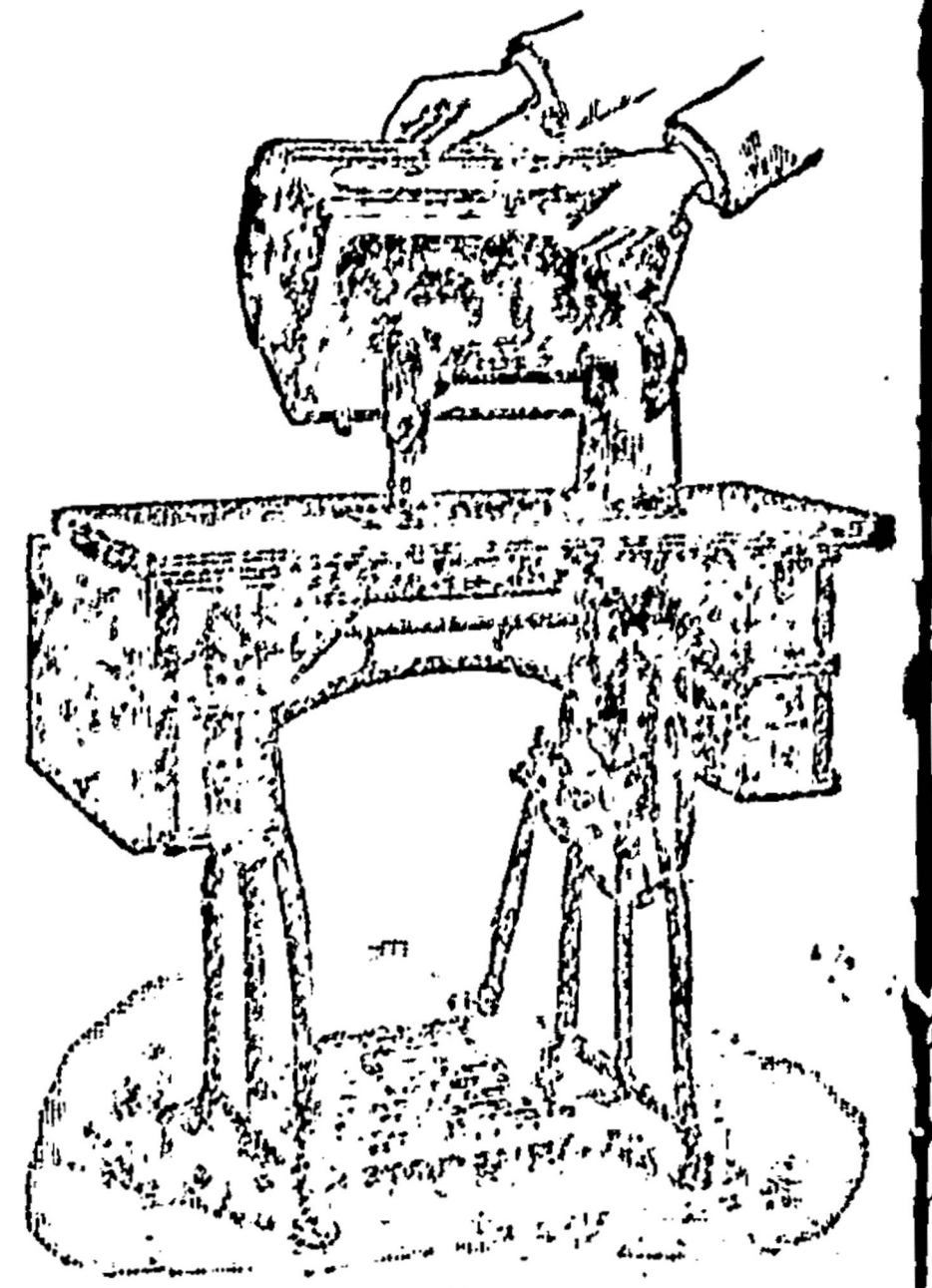
F. J. McGRATH,
Manager and Proprietor,
YORK, PA.

MARSHALL HOUSE, York, Pa.
ADJOINING THE COURT HOUSE.
JOHN S. BAUGHMAN, PROPRIETOR.
The Bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and Fine Brands of Cigars. Table is supplied with the best of the market. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

WHEELER'S No. 9 NEW HIGH-ARM



ONLY PERFECT! SEWING MECHANISM FOR FAMILY USE.
For sale by **E. C. Livingston,**
NEW OXFORD, PA.

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOL. & 8 PER ANNUM.

Volume XVIII.

New Oxford, Pa, Friday, Oct. 16, 1896.

Number 24

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and \$1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

JUST RECEIVED!

A NEW LOT OF

Patent Medicines.

Call at my store in the Livingston Building and get a Sample Pack of Headache Tablets free.

Sarsaparilla, 60c. per bottle.
Guaranteed Hair Tonic, 50c. per bottle
Oriental Tooth Wash, 25c. per bottle
Grippe Cure, 50c. per bottle.

A new lot of 8 day CLOCKS at \$2.50! Also, a complete new line of JEWELRY of all kinds. Prices low. Call to see me.

ST. J. WEIKERT,
LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING,
CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.
REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention.

ATTENTION
TO THE EYE.



ARE you troubled with headaches?
DO you have pains in and around your eyes?
ARE your eyes weak and watery?
ARE Your eyes or lids red and inflamed?
ARE You troubled with blurred and indistinct sight?

DOES bright light hurt your eyes?
DO You sometimes see two objects?
DO Your eyes smart or burn?
DO You see as well with one eye as the other?

EYES EXAMINED FREE.
GEO. W. STARK, Graduate Opt.
At STARK & SON, JEWELERS,
Fountain Square, Hanover

NOTICE.
MRS. RACHAEL STAUB'S ESTATE
The undersigned Attorney-in-Fact for the heirs of the estate of Mrs. Rachael Staub, late of the borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., do hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
D. F. STEFFY,
New Oxford, Pa.,
Attorney-in-Fact.

11sep6t.
Job Printing of all kinds
cheap, at THE ITEM office

ECHOES OF THE STORM.

It Created Great Havoc Along the New Jersey Coast.

Not Only Have New Bays Been Formed Along the Coast, but Old Shoals and Bars Have in Many Places Been Pounded Away—Property Loss Incalculable.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The great storm of '96 has not been relegated to the annals of the past, and the story has not half been told. No one has so far been able to estimate the damage wrought by the wind and the waves, nor to say how far reaching was the fury of the gale. But as far as the eye can see from any point along the shores of Long Island, along the Jersey coast, in over the lowlands, and in some instances over the highlands, wherever one may turn, there are the evidences that a hurricane has been passing through this section of the country.

For two days and a night the gale blew with ever increasing fury, and yesterday there was a steady downpour of rain to complete the miserable devastation already well done. Thousands spent the day at the beaches, not to enjoy the sunshine and the merry places at the seaside, but to view the work of destruction and to look upon the piles of twisted rafters, broken spiles, upturned pavilions, overturned cottages and the ruins of resorts of amusement that in former days were the pride and the joy of those who have made the beach their summer home. Handsome lawns that have beautified the grounds of the hotels at the beaches have been torn up like plowed fields, and on Monday, when the storm was at its height, the huge structures themselves in many places were threatened by the waves.

At Brighton Beach and at Manhattan, at Edgemoor, at Far Rockaway, and at a dozen other points along the sea line, the fast incoming waters swept under the very foundations of the buildings, and more than once they shook and shivered under the terrific pounding of the seas. One hotel did go down, unable to stand the forces turned against it. That was the Brunswick, at Sea Isle City, the finest structure of its kind in that section. How many smaller buildings were caught up by the wind and wrecked, or inundated, is up to the present moment an unknown quantity.

Nor was it along the coast alone that the fury of the gale manifested itself. Jersey City was in places practically inundated. Bays were a valuable acquisition, both for purposes of removal and for purposes of locomotion. The railroads in that section of New Jersey were sufferers to the extent of suspending business for a period, and many of the smaller towns in that state had to be content with a lone existence, for all traffic in and out of those places was stopped.

The wires of Sandy Hook were down for many hours, and when communication was again established it was only to learn that never before had such a hurricane been experienced. Fortunately people and dwellings alike at the old Hook were built for storms, and the damage there was slight, if the scare was great. Householders at Asbury Park and Long Branch, for the summer visitors had long since taken their departure, gathered to watch the fury of the seas, wonder stricken and amazed at the greatness of the waters, for while the watchers at Asbury were gazing the famous boardwalk, the New Era monument and a thousand and one beauties and attractions of the magnificent watering place were swept away.

But Coney Island was the greatest sufferer. One may not now stroll through the well remembered walks fronting on the beach, but he may climb wearily over the mounds of ruins that mark the old paths or stand afar and view the wrecked pavilions and water chutes and ice slides. The light and airy beer gardens that stood upon the shore, and the bathing houses and floats, from the furthestmost corner of Manhattan to way beyond the end of the Bowers at West Brighton. It is believed that several hundred thousand dollars would not cover the value of the places thus destroyed.

On Monday the tide was higher than anybody remembered it to be before, but yesterday morning it was still higher than at the previous flood. It only needed this to complete the devastation along the beaches. The seas simply swept over the adjoining districts, hundreds of feet beyond what long ago had been fixed as the line of safety. As a result dwellings were flooded, and some of them are not yet safe from collapse. If the authorities at Washington would make a survey of the coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May, as it is at present, they would find many errors in the carefully marked maps they now possess. Not only have new bays been formed, but the old shoals and bars in many places have been pounded away.

In such a force of water as hurried itself in giant breakers against the sands, it is little wonder that great stretches have been eaten out of the coast line, that new streams inland have been formed and that now the beach land along the Jersey coast is a new formation. The old landmarks are buried under tons of sand.

At Anglen and other places a great deal of damage was done. Several buildings, including barns and dwelling pavilions, were wrecked. Several adjoining villages suffered greatly from the ravages of the storm.

SIMON P. STOVER.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.

Simon P. Stover, Republican candidate for Register and Recorder, was born in the village of Cashtown, Franklin township, Adams county, October 23rd, 1845. Born of poor and humble parents he was soon taught that it was only by industry, frugality and perseverance that success in life could be obtained.

From from his earliest years he was anxious to obtain a good education, he resolved to give all his energy to the acquirement of knowledge, but the prospects were far from encouraging. He was poor and without friends who could assist him. It was at an early age that he realized whatever he accomplished in life must be by his own exertions. This conviction became firmly implanted in his mind and gave to him an earnestness of character and resoluteness of purpose that often befriended him amid trials that would have blighted the ambitions and engulfed in the dark chasms of oblivion the high hopes of one less persevering and enduring. He is a typical example of a self-made man, his early educational advantages were those afforded by the instruction imparted in an old log school house which he was enabled to attend for a few weeks during the year. By toiling through the greater part of the year and by diligence, fidelity and careful economy he acquired several hundred dollars and at about the age of sixteen thinking he had about exhausted the capacity of the log school-house for imparting knowledge he resolved to enter the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa. However, before he had completed his course in this institution and because of the threatened invasion of Pennsylvania by the Confederate troops in June, 1863, the session was suddenly terminated and a company of soldiers enlisted composed almost entirely of faculty and students and of which Jas. P. Wickersham, then principal of the faculty, was appointed Captain. Mr. Stover then being but seventeen years of age, volunteered his services to his country enlisting in Capt. J. P. Wickersham's Company II 47th Pa. Vol. Militia. This company being organized for only three months, at the expiration of this time he again enlisted, this time for three years enlisting in 152nd Regt. Pa. Vol. Battery C, 3rd Pa. Heavy Artillery and served in the army of the James, being honorably discharged Nov. 11th, 1865.

In 1866 he taught his first term in the public schools of this county. This was the beginning of a successful period of teaching that has extended from that time hence. Few men have enjoyed the opportunity of so large and varied an experience in this direction as has the subject of our sketch, who has for thirty successive years been engaged in teaching. He has taught in the townships of Liberty, Hamilton, Highland, Germany and twenty years in his native township of Franklin. Almost from the time Mr. Stover began teaching he has had the reputation of being one of the most progressive instructors employed in the common schools of Adams county. He carried into the school-room the remarkable energy, vigor and good sense which are the mainsprings of his character; his pupils are numbered by hundreds throughout the county and everywhere they attest to his sterling worth and ability as an educator and a gentleman endowed with the highest sense of honor.

For a period of twelve years—from 1878 to 1890—he farmed during the summer months but owing to local disabilities he was obliged to discontinue this vocation.

In 1868 Mr. Stover was married to Isabella, a daughter of Henry Bieseker; of the three children born to them but one is now living.

While Mr. Stover has been identified with the Republican party every ever since he attained his majority, prior to this he has never been an office seeker; he solicits your vote and influence which will be greatly appreciated; his fitness for the office should be unquestioned by men regardless of party.

He will make an active and vigorous campaign, is widely known and has made hosts of friends because of the manner in which he is conducting his campaign; whilst he is a most untiring and persistent worker, his quiet, unobtrusive manner, with nothing but good to say for those who oppose him, wins for him the applause and admiration of the people.

We predict him a winner at the polls on Nov. 3rd.

Special Notice.

The date of the Jr. O. U. A. M. Excursion to Baltimore has been changed to Friday, October 30th. This will be a joint excursion of the Jr. O. U. A. M. and the Ladies' Mite Society of St. James Lutheran church, of Gettysburg. This will be the last excursion of the season. Watch for schedule next week.

A mild winter is now predicted. With an almost \$4 a ton, a cold winter would be rather demoralizing to a majority of pocketbooks.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, Oct. 8.

The Canadian Pacific strike has been compromised on terms very satisfactory to the strikers.

Bishop William David Walker, of North Dakota, was yesterday chosen Episcopal bishop of western New York.

By the recent fire in Guayaquil, Ecuador, 20,000 persons are homeless and \$30,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

Yesterday two masked robbers entered the Bank of Sherburne, Minn., killed Cashier Thorburn and J. Ostrom, a traveling agent, secured \$1,000 and escaped on bicycles.

Secretary of State McCauley, of Colorado, gave a decision sustaining the protest of the silver Republicans against the use of the Republican name and emblem by the McKinley party.

Friday, Oct. 9.

George Du Maurier, the artist and novelist, author of "Trilby," died in London, aged 62.

A Lincoln, Neb., dispatch says that A. R. Talbot, Bryan's present law partner, is for McKinley.

Two inches of snow fell yesterday at Blue Mountain lake and other points in the Adirondacks.

Atkinson's majority for governor of Georgia is given at about 37,000 and that of Bloxham for governor of Florida at 14,000.

George J. Marsh, for over twenty-five years treasurer of the Cape Ann Savings bank at Gloucester, Mass., committed suicide by shooting. His shortage is probably \$100,000.

Saturday, Oct. 10.

President Cleveland and his family have returned to Washington from Gray Gables.

Fully 900,000 people witnessed the gold standard parade in Chicago yesterday, in which 75,000 men participated.

Among yesterday's visiting delegations at Canton were 11,800 Confederate veterans, who were addressed at length by Candidate McKinley.

The Democratic leaders of Rhode Island have declined to withdraw the name of President Andrews, of Brown University, from their electoral ticket, as he recently requested.

One of the men who robbed the Sherburne (Minn.) bank committed suicide yesterday after he had killed Marshal Callion of the pursuing party. The other robber is under arrest. He declines to give his name, and says the dead robber was his brother.

Sunday, Oct. 12.

Coroner Samuel H. Ashbridge was nominated for sheriff of Philadelphia by the Republicans of that city.

Rev. Crosby H. Wheeler, D. D., for thirty-nine years a missionary at Harpoon, Turkey, died at Auburn, Mass., yesterday.

J. Montgomery Sears, a Yale graduate, has presented to the University the classical library of the noted German scholar, Ernest Curtin.

While playing around a pile of burning shavings 4-year-old Andrew Hawley was so badly burned that he soon died at his home at Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Dora Rosenstatt, of Baltimore, and an infant were fatally burned by an explosion of kerosene which she was pouring into a lighted lamp.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.

Ex-President Harrison is to make a stumping tour of Indiana in McKinley's interest.

Helen Kellar, blind, deaf, scentless and tasteless, has passed the Harvard college examination with credit.

Thomas B. Reed addressed 2,500 people in Utica, N. Y., last night, and three times as many were turned away from the hall.

The Baltimore baseball club has abandoned the idea of touring England, though several members will visit Europe on a pleasure trip.

In a test case in St. Louis Judge Russell decided that railroads in Missouri must not charge a traveling bicyclist extra for his wheel.

Wednesday, Oct. 14.

P. J. Tynan, the Irish suspect, has been released from a French prison, and is on route to New York.

By the fall of a heavy steel plate at the Standard Oil works at Constable Hook, N. J., Paul Seebach was killed and two others injured.

Paul Lambert, a student in the Theological seminary at Lancaster, Pa., has been appointed professor of English literature in a college at Sandai, Japan.

Illinois' board of review has decided that the "middle of the road" Populist nominees cannot be placed on the official ballot unless by petition and under some other name.

Secretary Morton's Warning.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Secretary Morton has just returned to Washington and resumed his official duties, after an extended vacation in the west. He announced that he would take no part in the election, but added that if he were to vote he would cast his ballot for Palmer and Buckner, whose platform he regarded as satisfactory. "I personally hope for McKinley's election as between McKinley and Bryan," he said, "but I don't think any one of the candidates can rest on their oars with assurance. The Republican party is making a great mistake now in bragging of strength and not doing more work."

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

NANTICOKE, Pa., Oct. 12.—The various collieries operated by the Susquehanna Coal company resumed on full time today. It is said that the company will continue during the remainder of this year, which is good news at least 8,000 miners, laborers and slate pickers.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 12.—John H. Williams died suddenly here Saturday of heart trouble. Mr. Williams was known as the funny man of the Norristown Herald, and had a national reputation. He was born in Montgomery county, Pa., in 1838. Mr. Williams was elected burgess of Norristown in 1894, and this was the only political office he ever held.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 10.—The grand jury yesterday heard testimony on the bills of indictment drawn against Elijah James Jones and Walter Harris, both colored, for the murder of Evers McDarnell and Mary Brown, a colored couple, at Norristown, and returned a true bill against Jones, indicting him for murder in the first degree. Harris was discharged.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 10.—A special train on the Allegheny Valley railroad collided with a hand car on a sharp curve near Dents Run, Cameron county, instantly killing Joseph Kilchuski and fatally injuring two other men. There were six members of a repair gang on the car when it was struck. The force of the collision was so great that it was thrown thirty feet into the air.

CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 12.—Crazed with rum, Frank Higgins, of Colwyn borough, seized an ax and destroyed three bedroom suites at his mother's house. Higgins' brother swore out a warrant, and Officer McCormick, of Darby, attempted to serve it. He knocked Higgins down, and the latter shot at McCormick, the ball striking the officer's shoe. Higgins was lodged in the Media jail.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 12.—Michael Kline was brought from the Sunbury jail where he had served a term for beating a watchman at a colliery, and is now in the Pottsville jail to await a hearing for being implicated in a burglary with William Zollner and Edward Lowthorpe, at Shenandoah, in 1893. Flynn, another accomplice, broke jail and is still at large. Kline is also wanted in Clarion county.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 12.—At half past 8 o'clock in the morning four men made their appearance at Cambridge colliery, near Shenandoah, Pa., and beat the watchman, Thomas Connell, into insensibility, and gagged and bound him hand and foot. They then blew open the safe, expecting to secure the money they supposed was there deposited. In this they were disappointed, as the money had been deposited elsewhere.

BELLEVILLE, Pa., Oct. 14.—While out hunting in the woods at Sugar Camp, near Snow Shoe, this county, on Sunday afternoon, Joe Garber and Andrew Freese, two Hungarians, got into a dispute over the possession of a gun. Without any warning Garber fired a heavy charge of buckshot into Freese's breast, killing him instantly. Garber threw the gun away and disappeared into the mountains. He has not been seen since.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Oct. 13.—A fierce fire is raging in the coal ridge workings of Richter & Co.'s Mt. Carmel mine, and line of pipe was laid to the burning mine yesterday in order to extinguish the flames by diverting the creek into that portion of the workings. The fire has been burning since Saturday, and the vein is thirty-five feet in thickness, so considerable apprehension is entertained by the officials and workmen as to the outcome.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 12.—In the United States court here James B. Denworth was convicted of unlawfully retaining a portion of a pension which he had in the capacity of pension agent, secured for Mrs. Mary Figg, a widow. The amount alleged to have been kept by him is \$35. A motion for a new trial was made, and Denworth was held in \$1,000 bail. Two years ago Mr. Denworth was a candidate for department commander of the G. A. R.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Oct. 12.—An important discovery has been made at the Draper colliery, operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company. The Orchard vein was struck and found to be eight feet thick and only has nine inches of refuse. The vein pitches 400 feet. The Orchard vein has never been known to be in this valley before. The discovery will be the means of greatly increasing the shipments and extra employment of labor.

TROY, Pa., Oct. 10.—The body of Adam Bailey was found yesterday in the woods near this place. The man had been murdered by some unknown person, who had so arranged the body and the gun as to make it appear that death resulted from accidental shooting. An examination of the gun, however, revealed the fact that both barrels were loaded. A large hole had been made in Bailey's abdomen by the load from the murder-er's gun. The officials have no positive clue.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—Coroner Samuel H. Ashbridge was on Saturday nominated for sheriff to fill the vacancy caused by the Republican ticket caused by the funeral of James D. Miles to continue in the fight. The convention was reconvened in Industrial Art hall by Chairman A. S. L. Shields, and it was a turbulent gathering from start to finish, the nomination only being elected after the delegates who in the original convention had voted for Alexander Crow, Jr., had withdrawn from the hall.

One curious result of the fall in cereals and other products is to render obsolete the cable codes used by shippers and speculators. Prices have gone under the lowest figures which were thought to be possible when the codes were compiled.

The development of the railroad, the bicycle, and other substitutes for the horse has brought about a peculiar condition of affairs. In North Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and Washington, there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand horses roaming around the prairies, and eating the grass that might be used profitably in feeding cattle and sheep. The horses are practically valueless, and the owners are helpless.

The British Government is about to copy a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book in regard to the consular service and the assistance which it can render the commercial interests of the country in providing reports on the state of trade and labor, and the class of merchandise which would be likely to meet a ready market in each particular district. Europe is to be mapped out into four districts, each under the control of a commercial attaché, whose duty it will be to forward systematic reports from his district. Asia is apparently to be treated in the same manner, as consuls are to be sent out to the recently opened ports of Japan and China.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the South of France, informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relatives to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened, it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."

In the North American Sir Walter Besant discusses in a very interesting way the "Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race." He begins with the well established proposition that wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes he absorbs—he is never absorbed. He is a restless and masterful creature. He is never content with what he has, and is both individually and collectively grasping more and more property and power. The Anglo-Saxon possessions at this moment take in 120,000,000 of people who speak English as their native tongue, without counting the Hindoos, who are fast acquiring it. The English speaking race in the sixteenth century did not number more than five millions, but they have come to stay, and where they are located they are destined to remain. The Anglo-Saxon absorbs foreign races like the French, Dutch, German, Italian and the Norwegians. The remarkable fact is that in a hundred years the English speaking race has leaped up from 20,000,000 to 120,000,000 and has extended its possessions to something like the fifth part of the habitable globe. The English speaking race is one great empire and one great republic. The advantage, so far as position and strength go, seems to be with America. While all the States that have come out of Great Britain have had to create their own form of Government, every one has become practically a republic. In the beginning, the development and the present position of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are six great countries, two fully grown, the United States and England, and four, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, practically only in their infancy. The future of this race is one of the greatest and most fascinating problems, adds the Atlanta Journal. It is not an idle boast that English will one day, in all probability, be the language of the great mass of the human family, and that there will be no National power on earth which will compare in strength with those of the Anglo-Saxon.

MY DAY DREAMS.

Come ramble with me through the streets of Day-Dreamland;
The city is charming, and not hard to find.
I wander there often,
When twilight hours soften
The light, and to earthland my weary eyes blind.

All my dear ones inhabit the realms of Day-Dreamland.
They live in rich palaces, lofty and grand;
They fall not to meet me,
And lovingly greet me
Whenever I stroll to their beautiful land.

There lives in the castle of Mother's Fond-Longing,
A maiden, sweet, regal, and loving, and fair,
And pure as the snow and
The blossoms that blow, and
As bright as the sunbeams that dance in her hair.

She looks very much like the sweet child beside me,
Grown older and wiser and oftentimes she leaves
Her palace to come, to
Me, here in my home, to
Alay the dull care which the mother-heart grieves.

And there, in the palace of Fondlest Ambition,
A princely knight dwells, full of goodness and truth.
He's much like the boy who
Is now bringing joy to
My earth-home, in days of his innocent youth.

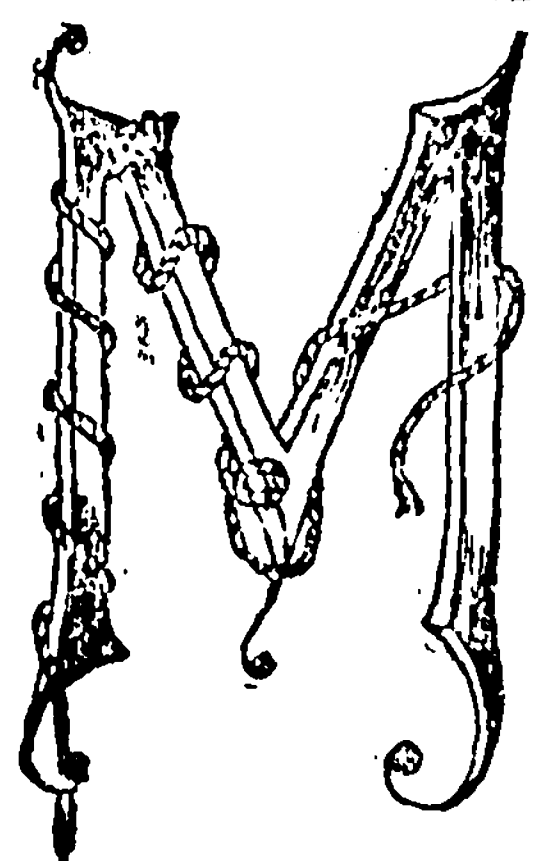
How pure are the rays of the light in Day-Dreamland;
How pleasant the prospect that gladdens the eye;
No earth-clouds arise there,
To darken the skies, where
Fond love is the beacon and hopes never die.

Then come with me now, to the realms of Day-Dreamland;
Rich comforts as I have, you're certain to find.
You'll wander there often
When twilight hours soften
The light, and to earthland your weary eyes blind.

—Josephine Page, in Independent.

THE GIRL AT RANGER'S.

BY CLYDE FORD.



muddy shallows.

Above and below here the river is winding and interesting, losing nothing from the commonplaceness of the lake, which really enhances the beauties of the rest of the river from contrast. Quaint but lonely farm houses are scattered along the Canadian shore, and one or two villages may be found. The Sugar Island shore of the lake is wild and wooded. Now and then there is a clearing, usually marked in the summer time by a hovering pall of smoke, but the few log houses indicate that the settlers are neither numerous nor prosperous.

A half mile below the lower end of the lake is Ranger's Landing, the most important and well-known sign of thrift on the Sugar Island side of the channel. Still, the traveler would probably be disappointed in "Ranger's," as the river folks call the place, for it is just a log dock facing the river at the bend, and long ago fallen into a dilapidation which has been hastened by increased grinding of the boats and washing of the current. The background of the scene is completed by a large barn, a comfortable looking log house, and a few fields.

Ranger's was the place in the palmy days of the channel where boats tied up for the night when caught in a passage up or down. Occasionally a stubborn captain would pass by at dark on his way up, but the fleet departing at daylight next morning usually found him hard aground at some turn of the channel in Mud Lake, and little sympathy did he get. "Slow and sure," is the rule of the river, and anyone who does violence to channel traditions is never pitied.

Before Hay Lake was opened the people at Ranger's flourished. From spring till fall they did a brisk business with the passing shipping, for every boat that tied up could be counted on to buy a few chickens or a bushel of potatoes, or butter, or eggs, or something which the people at Ranger's always had and the steamer cooks always needed.

Naturally the family were well known to every captain from Duluth to Buffalo. They were somebody's mutual friends, and enjoyed everybody's good will. The gruffest captain would unconsciously relax into something like amiability as soon as he caught sight of the big gray barn and log house at Ranger's. He might even lean over the railing of his pilot house and greet the old man affably, and perhaps throw a bundle of papers

to Mrs. Ranger if she happened to be on the dock, or at least make some kindly inquiry as to things on the farm. But the chief charm of Ranger's was Ranger's girl. She was a sweet little lass of sixteen or seventeen, and answered to the prosaic name of Jane, "Miss Jane," the captains named her. "How's the folks, Miss Jane?" they would call out as their big barges rounded the bend, and passed the garden by the landing where she worked; "I shall want some garden truck when I come back." And if they happened to tie up on the return, Miss Jane disposed of more potatoes and butter and chickens than the rest of the family combined.

Dredge No. 4 was stationed for a time one summer just above Ranger's at the entrance to the lake. It worked night and day with two crews; the day crew went to work at six o'clock in the morning and quit at six o'clock at night, when the night crew came on. There wasn't much difference between night work and day work excepting in the matter of sleep. The day men, of course, could sleep all night; but it was not so easy for the night men to sleep days when the sun was blazing down on the tarred roof of the quarter boat. Everybody agreed that the only drawback to night work, paradoxically put, came in the day time. As the summer wore on it got worse and worse with the night crew. If they went ashore to wrap up in their blankets in the bushes, mosquitoes or sand fleas drove them out; if they tried to sleep on the shady side of the quarter boat, some passing steamer would bellow and snort them into wakefulness, so they settled down to sleeping a couple of hours in the morning, and piecing out again with another nap in the afternoon when the sun got low. This was the best plan, but still far from satisfactory, for it left a gap of four or five hours in the middle of the day when there was nothing to eat or do or see, ashore afloat, and when it was impossible to sleep.

Probably it was this that caused Mr. Cole, night inspector on No. 4, to wander down to Ranger's Landing frequently. As is often the case with inspectors, Mr. Cole was not exactly like the men among whom he worked; he talked very much as they did and used all the colloquialisms of the river as freely as they, but still he was not one of them. He treated them well but made no friends among them.

At first Mr. Cole went down to Ranger's to pass the time of the long days on the quarter boat. But as he grew better acquainted he went down from pure enjoyment of having somebody to talk to, somebody with whose life and manners he felt himself somewhat akin. Mr. Cole was not a philosopher or a hermit, and in the exile of un congenial companionship with the night crew, he often felt a tug of homesickness for surroundings that were not quite so sordid and aimless, so he was often at Ranger's. He was treated with the hospitality that characterizes the plain and honest heartedness of river homes. They were a simple folk at the landing, and Mr. Cole was, they vaguely felt, a man from the outer world, a little of which they saw in the guise of slow moving steamers, and read of in papers that were long since out of date. Mr. and Mrs. Ranger accepted his visits with no embarrassment; but not so Miss Jane. She began to feel for the first time in her life that possibly they were a plain people, yes, uncultured even, on the river. True, she had no very clear ideas of what culture was. How could she have? The only life she saw or knew was summers of work and traffic with passing boats, and long, cold winters when they were shut away from the world by deep snows, furious storms and loneliness. The few books she read described a life which she could not imagine to herself; and the men and women who looked down from the steamers on their log house and little farm were people from that vague, mysterious world which she could not comprehend. As long as these thoughts came as passing thoughts she was not disturbed; but Mr. Cole recalled them continually, and in a different way. He talked with her about life on the river, and often fell to picturing life as he knew it himself away from the river. And as she learned more about life elsewhere, she felt an indefinable sense of discontent, or, if not that, of uneasiness when the inspector came to visit them at the landing.

The dredge never worked Sundays, more from deference to some forgotten tradition than piety on the part of the owners. The tug usually went to the Soo for mail, repairs and groceries. Of course, the men went along. Mr. Cole had always gone with them before he made the acquaintance of the people at Ranger's, but now he preferred to spend his Sundays there rather than in the hilarious company that the tug carried on such trips. The men noticed it, and they cracked many jokes at his expense, some sly, some bold. Jokes were jokes, but when a fellow one day made some disparaging remarks about a girl at the landing, Cole promptly knocked him into the river. From this the river commune argued that the inspector was in love. And they were right, they found that out before Mr. Cole did himself.

The inspector had a few books with him on the quarter-boat—books of

poetry and novels. These he carried down to the landing; but nobody read them much except Miss Jane. Poetry was too deep for Ranger's folks; and the novels too foreign to their mode of life. Miss Jane, however, read and re-read them, and Mr. Cole offered explanations occasionally. One Sunday they sat by the river bank, not far from the house and watched a big passenger boat crawl round the bend.

"I wonder if those folks are like the people of the stories?" Jane asked.

"Of course. Why not?"

"Oh, I dunno, only they seem so happy-like with nothing to do, and folks in the stories are always in trouble, or fallin' in love or—" she stopped in some embarrassment.

"How would you like to live among such people?" Mr. Cole asked when she did not finish her sentence.

"Me?" she said in surprise, "you don't mean that, of course. Why, we people on the river couldn't live among them."

"Why not? So far as I know you river people are as good as they."

"Yes, as good, but it ain't a question of goodness; it's a question of living. What do we know about the world? We ain't nobody, we don't know anything, we never see nobody, we don't even know what good clothes are." Here she stopped in her vehemence and looked at her own shabby dress. Mr. Cole noticed this too.

"Then you are satisfied to live here?" he finally asked.

She hesitated. "I suppose so," she said, "I ain't never known anything else."

After a long silence he remarked, "I'm going to quit the dredge."

"Oh, I knew you would," she burst out, "you are tired of us, too."

"No—not tired, but I think I'd better leave." He was going to explain what he meant, but further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of old man Ranger, and after a while Mr. Cole said he must go back for he had some packing up before he left next day. He looked around to say good-bye to Jane but she had disappeared. As he came down by the river path he found her with the books he had given her.

"Here are your books," was all she said. "Won't you keep them, Jane?" he asked kindly, almost tenderly, but she turned around and was going back. He started to follow but stopped. "I go down to-morrow on the Milwaukee," he called after her, but she did not look around.

That was the inspector's last night on the dredge, and he passed abstractedly up and down, lost to the rumple and roar and shriek of the heavy machinery. He was thinking of the girl at Ranger's. He loved the girl; the dredge hands were right after all. But she belonged to the river; he belonged to the outer world; life meant more to him than being in love with some sweet-faced girl of Sugar Island, at least he tried to make himself think this, and so he was going away—to forget her and the river.

At noon the next day the Milwaukee came through Mud Lake, and slowly drew near Ranger's Landing. Her decks were crowded with people who laughed and chatted and promenaded. Some of them glanced casually at the sober-faced man who stood by the gangway on the lower deck, but they forgot him again. He was leaning against a post, and scanned the river bank as the boat turned into the bend. Finally he caught sight of a figure by the garden fence, and a smile came over his face, a radiant gleam of delight. He pulled a boat trailing at the steamer's side up by the gangway opening, threw in his satchel, then sprang in himself. With a few vigorous pushes he cleared the steamer, then drifted off. All this time the figure on the bank by the fence stood motionless, watching the boatman as if entranced. The boat grated on the beach; the man leaped ashore; "Jane," he said, with a glad cry, "I can't leave you. I belong to you and the river."

If the people on the steamer had looked back they could have seen a man and woman leaning arm in arm over the old fence by the dock at Ranger's. —Detroit Free Press.

The Heat in Arizona.

"I have heard a good deal of complaint of the heat since I have been in Washington," said R. A. Reynolds, of Yuma, Arizona, at the St. James. "The people of this city cannot realize how hot it gets in Southwestern Arizona. Cattle die in great numbers, and it is almost impossible for human beings to live there during the summer months. Some extravagant stories are told about the effects of the heat, and I have read of frying eggs in the sand out there. Of course, they do nothing of the kind, but I know an egg story that is true that is nearly as remarkable. I was camping out on the desert not very far from where those two men died, an account of which I read in the Star, and among our provisions were some eggs. Being suspicious of their condition, we did not cook them and did not happen to throw them away. Just left them in the tent. One day I heard a chirping, and upon investigation found that more than half the eggs had hatched."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.

Take it when just right for use and cut from the cob, being careful not to get in any of the cob, put on earthen plates in a hot oven with the door open, stir often until it begins to dry. As it dries away empty two or three plates onto one. The next day it will be nearly dry and soon can be put in paper bags and hung in a warm room. In the winter when you wish to cook it, wash clean and put to soak over night, keep covered in a dish warming oven until ready to get dinner, then cook slowly twenty minutes in same water, add butter and sweet cream and salt. —New England Homestead.

ART OF SWEEPING.

Sweeping is an art, but there are lots of housekeepers who do not know it. Of what use is it to sweep if you leave the curtains dragging on the floor, the upholstered furniture to catch all the dust flying, and if you fling half the lint into the air, to settle on the oiled furniture and on the walls? The proper and very easiest way to sweep is to push all the movable furniture into the next room and cover up with cloths kept for the purpose the tables, couches and such articles as cannot easily be moved. If you have upholstered furniture that cannot be moved, whip it lightly, then wipe with a clean piece of old silk and cover up. Dust down the pictures and tables before sweeping to remove the old dust that may be there. Sweep slowly and evenly, with long, smooth strokes, after rolling and pinning up the curtains and throwing the windows open. Let the dust settle for half an hour. Then, with a clean soft cloth, go over all the furniture in and out of the room, shaking the dust cloth often in the open air to rid it of gritty dust. A room swept in this manner will remain clean for days, where hours will suffice to litter up the room swept in the common way. —Washington Star.

THE SECRET OF MERINGUE.

"I wish I could make such delicious frosting as yours, Mrs. Parsons," said her neighbor, who had come in the back door to borrow an egg. "I have often beaten my egg so stiff you could cut it with a knife, and then on taking my pie or pudding from the oven, found it as flat as a pancake," she continued, watching Mrs. Parsons heap the snowy mass on her lemon pie.

"Let me tell you a secret I learned all by myself," said Mrs. Parsons, shutting the oven door upon her pie. "Do you always beat your frosting hard after adding the sugar?"

"Why, I don't know. I don't believe I do," was the hesitating answer.

"Then there is the whole trouble," responded Mrs. Parsons. "That is a little secret I learned for myself, as I said. One is very apt after beating the eggs light, to think nothing more is required than to stir in the sugar. The two should be thoroughly beaten with the egg beater and your frosting will be as thick and light after baking as when put into the oven."

"Well," declared Mrs. Martin, "I'm glad I had to borrow this morning, after all, for this egg is to make a frosting for a tapioca pudding. I'll have one that will surprise the folks," and she quickly took her departure.

Having overheard this conversation, it occurred to me that there might be some young housekeepers who had not learned this little secret, which we never saw in a cook book. Of course the old housekeepers can skip this column. —Womankind.

RECIPES.

Toast—Cut neat pieces of stale bread into squares, round or oblong shapes; dip in a batter made from a cup of milk, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of melted butter, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of flour. See that the bread is well saturated with the batter, but not so soft as to break. Fry brown in very hot butter or sweet dripping, and serve with butter or a bit of jelly on each.

Hashed Veal—Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan. Melt without frying, then add a small half-pint of milk. Stir until boiling. Add a large saltspoonful of salt, a good pinch of cayenne, half a teaspoonful of onion juice. Then stir in one large cup of chopped cooked veal, add a pinch of nutmeg and serve on a hot dish, with a poached egg for each person.

Lamb Chops—These may either be broiled or fried. If fried, the spider must be hissing hot. Drop a small lump of butter in the pan, turning so the whole surface will be slightly greased, then put in the chops, cook quickly over a hot fire till brown on both sides, remove to the back of the stove, cover closely and let stand a minute or two. Dish up on a hot platter and have the plates hot also.

Thin Biscuits—One pint flour, one wineglass milk, one tablespoonful butter, one egg. Beat the egg till light, and pour it on the flour, then add the milk, and lastly the butter, melted. Work it well, then break off small pieces, the size of a marble, roll out thin as a wafer, sprinkling with dry flour as you roll them, which will make them crisp. Prick each one with a fork and bake in a quick oven.

GENUINE DOGS OF WAR.

THE ARMY'S PROPOSED CANINE MILITARY CONTINGENT.

How Dogs Are Taught to Carry Messages, Warn Sentinels and Find Wounded Men.

THE War Department is seriously contemplating the training of dogs for use in the army. Abroad they have been found most valuable in campaigning, and many German regiments already have canine contingents. In fact, the animals are considered an essential part of the fighting organization and are as carefully drilled as the men. Before long all of the great foreign military establishments will have troops of four-legged soldiers, and it will not do for this country to lag behind.

Dogs, properly selected and educated, make the best sort of scout and the most capable carriers of orders in the field. They are particularly useful for transmitting information, for conveying messages from advanced patrols, and in maintaining communication between posts and pickets. Also they do excellent work in hunting up missing men. Their natural qualities of docility, watchfulness, speed, acuteness of senses, and affection for man render them conspicuously adaptable for military service. No regiment ought to be without a squad.

The business of training war dogs has been reduced to a perfect system. There is a complete course of canine pedagogy, with lessons as carefully formulated as those of grammar and arithmetic for children. The dog's intelligence, like the child's, is developed step by step. The lessons pass gradually from the simple to the difficult, and care is taken never to demand more of the animal than is intelligible to him. When he understands what is expected of him, the next thing is to fix in his mind what he has learned by constant practice before passing to another subject. Imperfect learning of an exercise is apt to lead to misunderstandings on the part of the dog which are difficult to eradicate.

The fewer punishments the better. Only disobedience is to be punished. To punish the dog for failure to comprehend is not only unreasonable on the trainer's part, but calculated to mar the results aimed at. Beating must not be resorted to when scolding will suffice. Rewards should be given sparingly. It is not advisable habitually to give the animal tidbits, since they distract his attention. In most cases words of praise and affection are a sufficient reward. A certain amount of training goes naturally with the early bringing up of the pup, but the education proper should not be begun before he is at least six months old. It may be remarked here that the war dog is always of the male persuasion; females are kept only for breeding purposes.

The Germans consider the efficiency of their war dogs of such importance that an immense amount of labor is expended in training them. They receive instruction at night as well as in the day time. One important thing they learn is to growl and not to bark when a stranger is near, and this is taught them by practice in the dark. The hearing of a dog is more accurate and its alertness greater at night than by day. An animal that can be counted on to growl on the approach of a stranger without giving an alarm is calculated to be particularly useful to the sentinel. Watchfulness is inborn in the dog and may easily be cultivated. The beast must be taught not to bite under any circumstances. Fierce dogs are unsuitable for military service.

The war dog wears a collar that has a metal plate bearing the name of the company to which he is attached, as, for example, "Rifle Battery 8, 2 Comp." He carries a small canvas pouch, which is closed by a button or buckle. These articles, with a chain for fastening him when required, constitute the whole of his equipment. The canvas receptacle is called a "report pouch." An idea of its purpose is communicated to the dog by putting written messages into it in his presence when he departs on a mission and taking them out on his arrival. He soon learns that he is carrying something from one end of the trip that is wanted at the other. This business of conveying messages is the most important thing that the animal has to learn. He ought to be able after a while to go a distance of two miles or more and return.

It is important that the dog shall go straight to his destination, taking the shortest practicable route. During the process of training, therefore, men are stationed along the track which he is to pursue, and they call to him and try to divert him from his object. If he pays any attention to them he is scolded or punished. The distance traversed is very short at the beginning and is gradually increased. The dog is taught to cross water by swimming. He is made accustomed to the firing of guns by taking him to the target range, and his first actual service may be in carrying messages between the firing stand and the markers. The final test of the animal's capableness is his willingness

and ability to do the same work when led by somebody else than his instructor. He must be taught that he is not to obey his master alone. Intelligence on the trainer's part is as necessary as in the dog, for no two dogs are exactly alike in character, and each one must be studied as an individual.

To hunt for missing men is a notable feature of the war dog's education. In future battles, doubtless, many a wounded soldier's life will be saved by the efforts of the canine contingent. The animal trained in this business is first taught to search a small tract of brush or woods in the daytime, or a piece of ground at night, and, as soon as he has found a man, to stay with him and bark until his master comes up. He must learn to bark at command, and to bark continuously before a man who is lying on the ground. At the beginning the assistant hides himself and is searched for by the trainer and his dog. The dog easily finds the man, and tries to take from him some article of clothing, perhaps a cap, and brings it to his master. If he does so he is made much of and called on to search again. He runs back to the concealed man and takes from him some other article. If unsuccessful he will bark, and is encouraged to keep on barking. Next it is necessary to make the dog understand that searching for the man alone is what is required of him. When the dog barks the trainer hastens toward him, and, when the man is found, pets and praises the animal. Commonly a dummy man is used for hiding. To teach a dog when to bark, instruction must be begun early.

War dogs are kept with the utmost care, to prevent uncleanness and disease. Their kennels, of brick or planks, are cleaned every twenty-four hours. Their metal feed vessels are scrubbed daily and are removed from the kennels after being used. Sick dogs are kept apart. During the first year the puppies get nothing but milk and dog cake; afterward the remnants from the men's table are added. In Germany a special fund is set aside for the keep of the war dogs. It is considered worth while to teach the animals tricks of all sorts, because their intelligence is developed.—Boston Transcript.

Deadly Drop Handle Bars.

The Herald told the other day of a young man named Frederick Gallagher, who was stricken with paralysis while riding the bicycle near Morris-town, N. J. The young man's companions carried him to a doctor in Mount Hope, who said that his seizure was due to excessive use of a wheel with drop handle bars. Under treatment the patient partially recovered.

Gallagher's case should be a warning to all bicyclists against scorching and the deadly handle bar.

"This is the first case of the kind that has come to my notice," a well known doctor said to me the other day, "but I have often wondered why there were not more."

"Whenever a wheelman lays hold of a handle bar he puts his arms in an unnatural position and over exercises the extensor muscles. These muscles are supplied by the brachial and median nerves, and undue fatigue of the nerves means the exhaustion of the nerves. Such abuse would naturally be reported promptly at the brachial plexus, whence a message would be sent to the brain. Paralysis is the logical result.

"Scorching of any kind is bad enough, but scorching on a drop handle bar machine is an insult to every law of nature, and every man that practices it incurs a grave risk. He may not be paralyzed in the act, as Gallagher was, but he incurs the risk of such a seizure, and if he persists is bound to have one. It is only a question of time."—New York Herald.

The Largest Ship in the World.

According to Promethus the largest ship in the world is building at the Vulcan shipyard in Bremen, near Stettin, Germany, for the Hamburg-American line. The same builders constructed the first large express steamer built in Germany, the Augusta Victoria, of the same line. The new monster has length of 625 feet on the waterline, and is therefore considerably larger than the Campania, which is 600 feet in length between perpendiculars. The engines will have 27,000 horse power and a speed of twenty-two knots is expected. The engines and boilers will also be furnished by the Vulcan shipyards. Construction has been commenced already.

A Test for Horseflesh.

M. Humbert, through the Revell de Medicine Veterinaire, tells us that chemical tests will determine whether a given specimen of meat is from the horse or from the flesh of any other animals usually used for food; fifty grammes of meat are boiled for one hour in 200 grammes of water, and then the decoction is set aside to cool. When cool, nitric acid in the proportion of five per cent. is added, and into this is dropped drop by drop, some of Gram's iodure solution, or in its place a solution of iodized water which has been well iodized by the aid of heat; if horseflesh is present there will appear a deep violet-red circle. Neither beef, veal, mutton nor pork will furnish the same reaction.

WISE WORDS.

We want no time, but diligence, for great performances.

A man seldom thinks of reforming until he goes broke.

A man's best friend is the one who marries the girl that jilted him.

Shallow men are generally despised, but they don't require as much watching as deep ones.

The true ballot reform is that which enables the voter and not the politician to do the voting.

Some people want to hide their light under a bushel, when an empty sardine can would serve just as well.

A girl is never considered a good singer until she has caused a concert to be postponed because she has a cold.

It is rather discouraging to a man to be forced to wait until he is dead in order to discover what a good fellow he was.

When a boy begins to wash his neck without being told, it is a sign that he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.

Times may be as good now as they ever were, but it is waste of time to argue the point with a man who has an empty stomach.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

A woman can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to the gates of paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin.

The Kangaroo.

Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, with Mr. (afterward Sir Joseph) Banks, set sail in 1768, and, the observation of Venus having been completed, proceeded in the spring of 1770 to Eastern Australia, visiting among other places a spot which, on account of the number of new and strange plants there to be found, received the name of "Botany Bay." Subsequently, when detained by an accident in Endeavor River, some sailors sent on shore reported they "had seen an animal as large as a greyhound, of slender make, and extremely swift." "Two days afterward," Captain Cook continues, "as I was walking in the morning at a little distance from the ship, I myself saw one of the animals." A fortnight afterward (July 8) some of the crew "set out with the first dawn in search of game, and in a walk of many miles they saw four animals of the same kind, two of which Mr. Banks's greyhound fairly chased, but they threw him out at a great distance by leaping over the long, thick grass, which prevented his running. This animal was observed not to run upon four legs, but to bound or leap forward upon two, like the jerboa. This animal is called by the natives kangaroo. The next day our kangaroo was dressed for dinner and proved most excellent meat." Such is the earliest notice of the observation of this animal by Englishmen.

As Australia became better known it was found to be inhabited by beasts of many kinds, all of which were previously unknown, while they almost all agreed with the American opossums, in that they were "pouched" or "marsupial" animals. Not unnaturally, therefore, some of these creatures were also called "opossums," though the name had better have been reserved for the American marsupials exclusively, which are the only "true opossums."—Fortnightly Review.

Onions as a Nerve Tonic.

A German scientist says that people who habitually use onions are much less liable to nervous diseases than those who affect to despise them. They tone up systems that are run down and assist the digestion and assimilation of food. As an interesting item in this connection, the same scientist says that if a sprig of parsley is chopped fine, sprinkled with vinegar and eaten after onions, there will be no trace of this vegetable on the breath. This is well worth knowing, if true, and certainly it is not difficult to try the experiment. As a further item of interest in regard to onions, it is claimed that they are one of the best cleansers of the skin, and that onion eaters, all other things being equal, will have the finest of complexions. This being the case, the market value of onions and parsley ought to increase with great rapidity.

A Blind Physician.

Dr. James R. Cooke, a well-known physician of Boston, is entirely blind. In speaking of him the Boston Journal says: "So far as can be ascertained there is only one man who, blind from infancy, has taken up the study of medicine and succeeded. That man is James R. Cooke, whose book, 'Blind Leaders of the Blind,' has just been issued. Dr. Cooke has met with deserved success in his profession, and in his home in Boston is surrounded by all that a man of cultivated tastes would choose. He is a member of the Boston Athletic Association, where his chief enjoyment is in the game of tennis, which he plays, as he does everything else, with zest and enthusiasm."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

London will soon substitute electricity for steam in its underground railways.

Electric coal mining machinery is being rapidly introduced in Western Pennsylvania.

The non-tidal part of the Thames is 138 miles in length and drains an area of 6000 square miles.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 8004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

The British admiralty is about to take up the work of training carrier pigeons for conveying messages at sea.

The annual number of births is estimated at 36,792,000—an average number of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour and seventy a minute.

The Thames scoops out of its bank about 500,000 tons of matter in a year. The Mississippi is doing similar work, but at the rate of 300,000,000 tons a year.

According to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attain the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of sixty.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour and sixty-seven a minute.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of seventeen.

The Roentgen rays burn the skin like sunlight is the latest information from Berlin about the phenomenon. Professors Grumbach and Dubois Raymond have succeeded in rendering visible some of the softer parts of the body, like the larynx and the diaphragm, by means of improved tubes.

Professor J. E. Todd, State Geologist of South Dakota, who is in charge of a geological surveying expedition party in the Black Hill, discovered an old volcano on Sand Creek, in the Bad Lands, near Formosa. Near the junction of Sand Creek and White River is a hill eighty feet high. This hill vibrates and groans with constancy. Its tremblings have upset wagons and the Indians are much in fear of it.

The Tables Turned.

Alphonse Karr, the well-known French humorist, told the following story in a circle of friends, vouching for its truth: He owned an estate in the southern part of France, and one of his neighbors was an elderly Italian Count, whose library was exceedingly well stocked and was considered a sight well worth seeing in that locality. One day the witty author of "Les Guepes," who had not yet met his neighbor, sent a servant with a card to him, requesting the loan of a certain book. The Count replied in a very polite note that he was extremely sorry that he could not oblige Mr. Karr, but that it was with him a matter of principle never to loan any books for use outside of his own library. At the same time he invited his neighbor to come to his house at any time, and his library would be at Mr. Karr's disposal all day. Karr, who was anxious to obtain certain information, went to the Count's house and made notes from the particular book in the Count's library that he wanted.

A short time afterward the Count needed a sprinkler, and sent to his literary neighbor, asking for the loan of one. Karr, who had not forgotten the way his request for a book had been answered, now sent to the Count an extremely polite note, couched in the following terms: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you by the loan of a sprinkler, but as a matter of principle I could not possibly allow my sprinkler to be used outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."—Philadelphia Record.

A Crack Shot.

"Out our way we are apt to think that an Eastern man cannot shoot a pistol," said H. T. Jenkinson, of Cheyenne, at the Metropolitan, "but I had one experience at Laramie that convinced me this idea is incorrect. A finely dressed young man stepped into a saloon to get a drink, where a lot of cowboys were having a good time. The sight of the 'tenderfoot' was the signal for some fun, and half-a-dozen pistols were drawn just to scare the man from the States. The stranger wore a silk hat, and the cry went up, 'shoot the tile.' The man turned with his glass at his lips and without a tremor drew a pistol from his coat pocket. By the time the drink was swallowed six pistols lay on the floor; he had shot every one of them out of their owners' hands. They crowded around him, and the tenderfoot was not allowed to pay for anything that night."—Washington Star.

It is a pity the weather department can't be arrested for scorching.—Chicago Dispatch.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. Caprice.

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Baugo—No. 6 Canal street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
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Office and Residence, ABBOTSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. 23Jun951y

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Offices west side of Baltimore street, third door from Centre Square.

J. L. KENDLEHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Lately practicing in Philadelphia and removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house, in the room recently occupied by the Hon. S. Mc Swope. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite court house, in room lately occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope.

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank. 190394

WM. M'SHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Ritzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, liens and collections.

JOHN B. McPHERSON, DONALD P. McPHERSON,
McPHERSON & McPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, PENN.
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

EDWARD A. WEAVER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office over Amos Eckert's store, northeast corner of the Square. Will carefully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

J. A. KITZMILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Will promptly attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brenne man's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford.

GEORGE H. LITTLE, Proprietor.
All modern conveniences. Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. Pitt street, convenient to depot.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg.

ELIAS FISSEL, Proprietor.
The Hotel has lately been improved and refitted. Parlor on second floor. Restaurant connected with the hotel where everything in season will be furnished to gentlemen on the first floor and ladies on the second floor. Bar stocked with all new goods. First-class hostler will take best care of transient horses. Opposite W. M. Depot, one square from P. & R.

HOTEL GETTYSBURG.

Located on Centre Square, where McClellan House formerly stood, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. & D. K. MILLER, Proprietors.
Headquarters League American Wheelmen. Headquarters of Capt. Jas. T. Long, guide and delineator. Steam heat, electric light and call bells. A first-class livery attached to hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg.

Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well-known Central Hotel, I take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to jurors and those attending court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McCAVITT, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown.

J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.

FRANK FLESHMAN, PROPRIETOR.

House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

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Ceo. A. Klingel's Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair.
Cut, Razors Honed and Concealed at the Lowest Price.
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Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.

Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves Hellen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

THE ITEM, NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

Hard Times and Individual Expenses.

The hard times which at present afflict the mass of men, however they may be accounted for by the theories of opposing parties, are due to a considerable extent to the individuals who make up this mass. The disregard of the future in the enjoyment of the present; the fatal waste of whatever means they may possess by small expenses, "by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm caution"—these are the sources of hard times to large numbers of men. Of course, there are the great and unexpected losses that come by fire, flood and various calamities; but these are only occasional, and for the most part afflict only the few. No doubt, legislation may produce conditions that hinder prosperity and fetter the operations of industry; but even so, it is obvious that those who cut off small and superfluous expenses, who economize, who seek shelter, so to speak, while the storm lasts, will emerge from it in a state of measurable independence which will be wholly lost to those who have not adopted these precautionary measures of prudence.

It is not only the facility with which means are wasted by small expenses that impairs fortunes; this is an era of speculation, and the tendency of the times is to take great risks in the expectation of great profits. Races and the stock and produce exchanges afford the means of tempting fortune to the utmost; and they never lack votaries. The reasonable gains arising from the ordinary pursuits of life are too frequently swallowed up by ventures in the various fields of speculation. The sums lost in England by all classes and conditions of men and women on the races are appalling. The sums lost in America on stocks, or grain, or oil are no less appalling. It may be said that equally great sums are gained by the ups and downs of the market. This, no doubt, is true; but how much comfort will that afford those who have lost all, or even part, of what they possessed by the operations of the exchanges?

The speculative mania makes the ordinary gains of industry distasteful. It makes great numbers of men restless and discontented; it withdraws their minds from study and reflection, from interest in legitimate callings, and engages them well-nigh wholly on schemes of chance. If manners be as important to a people as Mr. Burke tells us they are, the dignity, the repose, the grace which characterize them and tend to them their peculiar charm are not likely to be acquired in a nation given up to maddening game of speculation. But manners apart, there can be no doubt, we think, that any people whose acquisitions come from peaceful occupation, from the daily pursuit of manual or professional labors, from the work of the farm, mill, shop or office, under conditions that give a just equivalent for these labors of hand or brain, are a people whose prosperity and happiness will be a firm support to the State and an augury of a high civilization. At any rate, they are a people who will not remain long in the shadow of hard times, but whose course will be upward and onward, overcoming all impediments.

Policemen vs. Citizens.

Judge Biddle, of Carlisle, in the trial of John Belt for resisting arrest defined the delicate point in this matter very concisely. It is well worth taking note by all people because there has been some misunderstanding in the mind of the public in regard to it. We have heard braggadocio talk about the rights of people in resisting our officers, and we have tried heretofore to correct the wrong impression. The borough officers have no right to arrest a man without a warrant unless they personally see him committing a breach of the peace, but on the other hand if they do arrest a citizen, even without warrant or justification, the citizen should not resist the officer nor go into any altercation with him. He should go along with the officer, ask for a habeas corpus, and when the release is given by the court, then make the officer sweat for making a false arrest. But citizens have no right to resist an officer, who is always to be presumed to have proper authority for what he does.—Sentinel.

The Methodist Conference at Towanda adjourned after receiving the new appointments Monday. Its 36, 613 members are credited with raising \$50,000 for benevolence last year.

POLITICAL. FOR SHERIFF.



E. M. WIERMAN.

E. M. Wierman was born in Menallen township in 1844, a son of Conrad and Sarah (Hummer) Wierman, and attended school in the same township. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private and served in Captain Warren's Independent Company, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry. He is now a member of Sarg. T. F. Elden Post, No. 507, G. A. R., of which post he was commander in 1888.

In 1866 he was joined in marriage to Miss Emma, daughter of John I. Mullen, to which union three children were born; a son, Harry G., who was killed in Philadelphia some years ago, while in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad; and two daughters. Mrs. Wierman died in 1872. Some years after Mr. Wierman was married to Miss Cullings, a daughter of John and Hannah (Bender) Cullings.

Mr. Wierman is a farmer, in which occupation he has been engaged in Tyrone township since 1879. He has served as School Director in that township for six years, three as President of the Board and one as Treasurer. He would make an efficient sheriff and we therefore ask for him the support of the voters of Adams county.

WM. HERSH, ESQ.

As we said last week "there is scarcely any office within the gift of the people of much more importance than that of the District Attorney," and we again reiterate that statement, and would respectfully impress upon our readers the importance of choosing men of ability and good judgment to fill such office. We think the recent Republican County Convention did this very thing when they placed William Hersh, Esq., on the ticket as their nominee for District Attorney.

Mr. Hersh was born in New Oxford, Adams County, Oct. 11, 1870. He is a son of Capt. James Hersh, ex-Sheriff of Adams county, and was raised on the Meadow Valley Farm in Cumberland township. He lived there for 17 years, and while attending Boyd's School, worked on the farm and helped in the care of the stock. He attended Pennsylvania College and graduated in 1891, and then began the study of law with Wm. McSherry, Jr., Esq., one of the most prominent practitioners in the Adams County Courts, and was admitted to the bar, September 17th, 1892. He has served successfully for several years as Attorney for the Boroughs of Gettysburg, Littlestown, and Bendersville, but has not sought public office.

By incessant application and devotion to duty, he has won a good practice and is recognized as one of the brightest and most capable young lawyers at the Bar. He has had considerable practice in the Criminal Courts and shows much skill and ability in the preparation and the handling of his cases.

In his election, the people of Adams county will not misplace their confidence, for he is well qualified in every way for this important office, and will fill the same with credit and ability.

New York's firebugs have been very active in kindling blazes in East Side tenements, and the authorities are making investigations.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed. For sale by all druggists.

Election Tuesday two weeks.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Monday last, while Hiram, the 18 year old son of Jacob Minnich, a farmer residing near Lititz, was using a corn chopper, the belt came off the pulley, and in attempting to adjust it, the young man's left arm was caught in the machine and cut completely off.

The York constables have instituted suit against the County Commissioners to recover pay in serving summonses, the Commissioners having recently cut down their fees and mileage in accordance with the decisions of different county courts. The case will go to the Supreme Court.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by all druggists.

Drowned in Vinegar.

A son of James W. Snyder, of near Loganville, York county, about 18 months old, fell into a tub of vinegar Thursday evening, which was standing in the spring house, and was drowned. A sister of the child left him alone a short time and went up stairs to get something, and when she returned found the child lying in the tub. She lifted him out and the father tried all he could to recover him, but life had departed.

Political Notes

At the Democratic meeting in this place Friday night, A. J. Brady, of McSherrystown, was made chairman pro tem, and in the organization of a Bryan and Sewall Club of 75 members the following officers were elected: President, D. F. Steffy; V. Presidents, Z. H. Cashman, T. S. Eckert and Jacob Schwartz; Secretary, C. F. Stough; Treasurer, Jacob Heltzel.

Wm. M. Steffy, Esq., made his maiden speech and surprised those present with the ability he displayed. The other speakers were Prof. Powers, P. D. W. Hankey and Clarence Sheely, of Gettysburg.

Died of His Injuries.

The East Berlin News says. On last Friday evening an accident occurred in East Berlin by which Mr. William Grogg and his son Herbert, were both hurt, the latter's injuries terminating fatally the following evening. Mr. Grogg was hauling corn and when ready to leave the field for the barn he and his son took a seat on top of the load and when coming out of Hildebrand's alley unto the Main street, some part of the wagon broke and they were both thrown to the ground, the wheels passing over Mr. Grogg's foot and also over Herbert's stomach, injuring him internally with the above sad results. The death is a terrible blow to the parents and family, not only because he was the only son and brother but also because just a year ago he was so badly kicked by a horse that for a time his life was despaired of and now after such a short season of rejoicing to be so suddenly taken from their midst makes the death a very sad one indeed. Deceased was aged 8 years, 8 months and 19 days.

IF TROUBLED WITH RHEUMATISM READ THIS.—Annapolis, Md., April 16, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep-seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. JNO. G. BROOKS, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main street.

ALSO READ THIS.

Mechanicsville, St. Mary county, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. MCGILL. For sale by all druggists.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

JACOB SMITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of JACOB SMITH, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARY A. SMITH, Administratrix.

The lime accounts and books have been placed in the hands of O. A. Smith for collection and adjustment. The lime business will be continued as heretofore.

Neatly Printed and Bound
BLANK RECEIPTS
for sale cheap at this office.

A Genuine Closing Out Sale

OF \$10,000 Worth of

Goods and Fixtures, At a Sacrifice to Quit Business.

The undersigned having positively decided to quit business, will close out his large stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, SHOES, &c., as soon as it is possible to do so. In order to do this he has marked all the goods, from one end of the store to the other,

DOWN TO COST

AND A GREAT MANY THINGS BELOW COST.

THIS IS NO FAKE. It is a great and rare chance to get Good Goods at wholesale prices, and it is hoped that the public will take advantage of the low prices. Of course, the early buyers will have the advantage of the full line to select from. Keep your eye on this space from week to week.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. STOCK,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

P. S.—We pay 18c. per dozen for eggs.

FOR RENT.—The store room now occupied by above is offered for rent. Apply to Dr. H. W. SWATRZ.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Advance Lines

—OF—

Dress Goods

—AND—

COATS

ARE NOW READY HERE.

THE NEWEST AND BEST THINGS ONLY!

PRICES WERE NEVER SO LOW.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

For 30 Days Only!

From now until November 10th, we will offer the following goods **AT COST!**

All Ladies' Dress Goods

Consisting of Cashmeres, Serges, Ladies' Cloth, and other fancy Dress Goods.

ALL MEN'S WOOLEN GOODS, such as Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsted and Fancy Suitings.

ALL READYMADE CLOTHING

including the Shippensburg Pants and Overalls, must go with the rest.

AND IN ADDITION

we will sell the following goods at way down cut prices:

Indigo Blue Prints at 4c.
All other Prints at 5c.
Remnant Prints at 3c. and 4c.
Lancaster Gingham at 5c.
Good Apron Gingham at 4c.
Good Dress Gingham at 5c.
Columbian Cliviot Shirting at 7c.
Turkey Red Table Cloth at 20c.
Outing Cloth at 6c.
Shaker Flannel at 5c.
Unbleached Muslin at 4c.

Cotton Flannel at 5c.
Table Oil Cloth at \$1.50 per piece.
Bleached Muslin, 1 yd. wide, no starch, 16 yards for \$1.00.
Blankets, large enough for any bed, 40c., 50c. and 60c.
Ladies' all-wool Under Vests for 50c., regular price \$1.00.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, \$1.00.
Gents' Dress Shoes, \$1.00.

We will close by saying that we are closing out a big lot of Remnant Dress Goods at 3c. per yard. Call and see.

Respectfully,

EMMERT & BRO.



Are built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory in the World.
EXPERIENCED select the Waverley because they have learned to know the difference between a wheel that is actually high grade and one that is simply claimed to be. Some others may be good but the Waverley is the highest of all high grade. Scooter (3 heights) \$55, Belle 26 and 28 inch \$75 and \$85.
INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.
W. C. Trimmer, Agent.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrearages are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1896.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Friday, Oct. 23rd, will be autumn
Arbor Day.

At Carlisle, dealers have been pay-
ing only 13 cents a bushel for pota-
toes.

A pension has been granted to Jno.
Rockey, of York Springs. (special)
Sept. 22.

The Baltimore Clothing House, at
East Berlin was closed by Sheriff Mc-
Alhenny on last Monday.

The annual election of the Berlin
and Hanover Turnpike Co. will be
held at East Berlin on Wednesday,
Nov. 4th.

Mr. Sponseller, of near Granite,
lost one of his best horses last Tues-
day by a piece of rail piercing him
in the breast.

Postmaster Hildebrand, of East
Berlin, has gone to Baltimore and en-
tered a medical college to graduate
as a physician.

John R. Bittinger sold one of his
farms lying near Abbottstown, con-
taining about 100 acres, to Emanuel
Hoke on private terms.

Thomas Flohr, one of the oldest
citizens of Fountain Dale, who has
been ailing for some time, died very
suddenly on Saturday.

The Pennsylvania railroad compa-
ny will replace the old wooden struc-
ture at Columbia, blown down by the
recent storm, by a handsome new
steel bridge.

Among the appointments at the re-
cent U. B. conference at Shippens-
burg are Rev. I. O. Weidler at Little-
town, and Rev. W. R. Burkholder, at
York Springs.

Rev. Dr. H. L. Baugher, late Pro-
fessor of Greek in Pennsylvania Col-
lege, Gettysburg, has been called to
the pastorate of St. Paul's Lutheran
church, at Baltimore.

Geo. Sherman's house on Berlin
street, is being repainted and gotten
ready to be occupied by Mr. Dodge,
of Connecticut, who expects to move
there in the near future.

As near as can be ascertained the
checks received at Waynesboro and
Midvale for peaches will aggregate
\$110,000. To move the crop requir-
ed the services of 140 refrigerator
cars.

Last Friday, John Ketterman, of
Fairfield, while working at the Hull
saw mill, met with a bad accident.
By the glance of the axe with which
he was working he severed the
thumb from his left hand.

Julius W. Fischer, executor to the
estate of the late Daniel C. Albright,
sold the two-story brick store build-
ing, corner Fountain Square and
Frederick street, Hanover, to the Peo-
ple's Bank, for \$5500.

Harry Buhrman, of Zora, had his
arm broken between the shoulder and
elbow on Thursday evening. The ac-
cident was caused by the brake of his
wagon becoming loose, which started
the horses rear and they ran into the
corn crib. One of the horses was also
hurt somewhat.

Wm. Hayberger, of near Uriah, met
with a painful accident on Monday
evening last. He was working on the
roof of his barn, at the cone, when he
lost his balance and rolled down the
roof to the edge, and from thence to
the ground, alighting on a pile of
stones with great force, the jar injur-
ing his spine and also rendering him
unconscious.

OLD PEOPLE.—Old people who re-
quire medicine to regulate the bowels
and kidneys will find the true remedy
in Electric Bitters. This medicine
does not stimulate and contains no
whiskey nor intoxicant, but acts as a
tonic and alterative. It acts mildly
on the stomach and bowels, adding
strength and giving tone to the or-
gans, thereby aiding nature in the
performance of the functions. Elec-
tric Bitters is an excellent appetizer
and aids digestion. Old People find
it just exactly what they need. Price
50c. and \$1 per bottle at Dicks' drug
store.

The old church at Rocky Springs,
Franklin county, is one of the most
interesting in the State. It is over
102 years old. The seats are so high
that people can just manage to see
over the top when sitting down. The
floor is all brick and very uneven.

Wheat has made another jump up-
ward during the past few days, ad-
vancing from 60 to 64 cents per bush-
ol. There is no telling how high it
will advance, as all the large export-
ers in the cities claim that there is a
bigger demand for export than there
has been at any time during the past
five years.

Sunday week Mr. and Mrs. David
Kirachof, of Union township, buried
two children in one coffin, the chil-
dren having died of diphtheria. Sun-
day another child, little Sarah, aged
5 years, died of the same dread dis-
ease. Mr. Kirachof has another child
on the brink of the grave, also a suf-
ferer with diphtheria.

Alleged sugar agents are reaping
a rich harvest among the farmers in
some sections. They take orders for
sugar by the barrel at a low rate.
The "sugar" arrives all right, and the
agent pockets the price. But when the
barrel is opened it is found to
contain common salt, with a few
pounds of sugar in a compartment at
each end of the barrel.

Harry Schriver of Barlow, this
county, and Mrs. Emma Creager, of
Hanover, formerly of New Chester,
will be married on Tuesday evening,
October 27th. The wedding will be
private. After the marriage they will
visit Washington and other places on
a short wedding trip. Upon their re-
turn they will reside at his home at
Barlow.

Mrs. Mary Miller, aged 78 years, 6
months and 2 days, widow of John
Miller, (who died in the Union Army,
during the late war), after an illness
of about one year, died Sunday even-
ing at the home of her daughter, Mrs.
Samuel Neary, in Berwick township.
She had been a sufferer from rheuma-
tism, and of late pneumonia. During
the past nine months she was entire-
ly helpless.

The Forty Hours' Devotion in the
Catholic church from Sunday to Tues-
day was well attended by the mem-
bers of the congregation. Father
Hemler was assisted in the services of
the Devotion by Rev. Fathers Timo-
thy O'Leary, of Conewago; J. C. Foin,
of Hanover; M. J. McBride, of Bon-
neville; T. J. Crotty, of Littlestown,
and Henry Crist, of Gettysburg.
Father O'Leary preached an excep-
tionally able and interesting sermon
on Sunday evening.

On Friday the water plugs through
town were opened and the stand pipe
emptied, leaving in a fresh supply of
water. The discharge of water from
the plug on corner of Berlin Avenue
and Golden Lane softened the ground
for a considerable distance, as there
is no paved gutter yet. Some gentle-
man from a distance, while driving
along Berlin Ave. in the afternoon,
discovered his horse sinking until he
was so deep in the mire as to be un-
able to help himself. Assistance soon
arrived when, with ropes and boards,
the animal was extricated. No serious
results followed.

Mrs. Sarah Bucher, of Germany
township, near Klinefelter's mill was
found dead in her house at the foot of
the stairway, last Wednesday evening
about seven o'clock. She had evident-
ly gone to the loft of the house to get
some corn to feed the chickens, and
reached over and secured several ears
when she was stricken with apoplexy
and fell to the bottom of the stairway
a corpse. The lady had been seen so
late as four o'clock by her neighbors
walking in her yard. Deceased is the
widow of the late Henry Bucher, who
died seven years ago from cancer of
the face.

TWO LIVES SAVED.—Mrs. Phoebe
Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was
told by her doctors she had con-
sumption and that there was no hope
for her, but two bottles Dr. King's
New Discovery completely cured her
and she says it saved her life. Mr.
Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San
Francisco, suffered from a dreadful
cold, approaching consumption, tried
without result everything else then
bought one bottle of Dr. King's New
Discovery and in two weeks was cured.
He is naturally thankful. It is
such results, of which these are sam-
ples, that prove the wonderful efficacy
of this medicine in coughs and colds.
Free trial bottles at Dicks' drug store.
Regular size 50c. and \$1.

Court Items.

Attachments under the act of 1869
have been issued against Samuel Hal-
lem, of Gettysburg, at the suit of I.
Wilson & Co., of Philadelphia, for
\$268.25; Jos. Schenthal & Co. for
\$369.57; Nusbaum & Myers for \$189.
75, and Baltimore Bargain House
\$331.48.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Geo. E. Stock, of Gettysburg,
was in town on Monday looking up a
suitable place for the telephone ex-
change. The exact place has not yet
been made known.

J. O. Swartz, who has been on a
business trip of a few months to Tex-
as, returned on Saturday evening.

Mr. Adolphus Keefer, wife and
daughter, Florence, of near Table
Rock, were the guests of her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. John Gulden.

Miss Dollie Pottorff, of York, spent
Saturday with Miss Elsie Klingel.

Misses Lena Keith and Bessie Cox,
of Gettysburg, visited the Misses
Himes last week.

Miss Myrna Miller, who is attend-
ing the Woman's College, spent a few
days with her parents here.

Abner Grise and family, of East
Berlin, spent Sunday with Z. H. Cash-
man and family.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Holy Communion in St. Paul's Re-
formed church Sunday morning at
10 o'clock; Sunday school at 9 a. m.;
C. E. Society at 6 p. m.; prayer meet-
ing Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock;
Preparatory services for Holy Com-
munion, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'-
clock.

REV. P. E. HEMER, Pastor.

There will be no preaching servi-
ces in St. Paul's Lutheran church on
Sunday, on account of the absence of
the pastor; Sunday school at 9 a. m.;
Junior C. E. at 2 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E.
at 6 p. m.; catechetical class Satur-
day afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Rev. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—
High Mass at 10 o'clock.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Burned to Death.

Miss Eva Hull, aged 82 years, met
a terrible death on Friday evening.

Miss Hull was a daughter of the
late Jacob Hull, and resided on the
old homestead, about 4 miles from
this place, on the Carlisle pike, in
Berwick township. About 5 o'clock
Friday evening she was noticed com-
ing out of her room carrying a blaz-
ing bureau drawer in her hands. How
the fire originated is not known pos-
itively, but it is thought that, being
a great smoker, she was in the act of
lighting her pipe or had lighted it,
when the fire originated from a spark
either from the match or from the
pipe.

It was noticed that when she open-
ed the door leading to the open air
the draft thus created blew the blaze
from the burning drawer over her
setting her clothing afire and a consid-
erable amount was to all appearances
inhaled by her. After going a short
distance she was overcome and fell to
the ground. The children of Luther
Hull, playing in the yard, promptly
notified their mother who was at the
pump preparing for the evening's
milk, that "aunt is burning up."
Miss Hull had just pumped a bucket
full of water which she hastily threw
over the burning woman, and then
rang the farm bell for assistance.
Neighbors promptly responded, and
flames enveloping the woman were
promptly extinguished. The suffer-
ing woman was carried gently into
the house and made as comfortable as
possible, while Dr. Sheetz of this place
was hastily summoned. He found
that Miss Hull was badly burned over
her entire body, but only one hand
so badly that it bled. He also found
her suffering from inhaling the
flames. Miss Hull was given the treat-
ment usual in such cases, but she con-
tinued to sink, partly from the shock
and partly from the effects of the
burns, until about 9 o'clock, when
death relieved her.

Killed in a Runaway.

Daniel F. Bussard, a prominent and
wealthy farmer, of near Harmony,
Md., was killed by a runaway team
on Friday. Mr. Bussard was driving
his six horse team when they became
frightened at a traction engine and
ran away. Mr. Bussard was on the
saddle horse, and made a strenuous
effort to draw the team into the fence,
when he was suddenly thrown from
his saddle and fell with great force
to the ground, striking on his head.
His neck was broken and his skull
crushed behind the ear, death ensu-
ing almost instantly. Mr. Bussard
was about 30 years of age, and leaves
a wife and one child. His wife is in
a hospital in Baltimore undergoing
medical treatment, having been ill for
several months.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. John
Bigham, of Freedom township, whilst
opening the gate of his pasture field
to let out the horses, was kicked by
one of them on the little finger of the
left hand, requiring amputation at
the middle joint.

POLITICAL.

CHARLES H. DUTTERA.

Charles H. Duttera, candidate for
the Legislature, was born in Germany
township, where he now resides. Mr.
Duttera is one of the rising young men
of Adams county. After the death of
his father, although quite young, he
took charge of the large farm and tan-
nery connected therewith, and manag-
ed it successfully. When not other-
wise engaged, he could be seen at the
bench in the tannery at work with the
hands. In connection with the farm
and tannery he ran a large stone quar-
ry. Whilst thus engaged he received
the contract to pave the streets of Lit-
tlestown. During this time he had
under his employ about 25 hands. He
never said to his men, "Go and do
this and so," but, instead, would say,
"Come on, boys,"—always at the front
himself. He has always been a great
pusher and worker, and has thereby
secured the friendship of the laboring-
man. He has hands under his employ
now who have been with him since he
was 19 years old,—which speaks vol-
umes in itself. He completed the
work of paving the streets to the entire
satisfaction of the authorities.

Mr. Duttera is now 37 years old.
He was a candidate for the Legislature
in 1894, when the Republicans swept
the county, electing their whole ticket
by majorities ranging from 50 to 500,
with the single exception of Charles H.
Duttera, who was elected on the Dem-
ocratic ticket by a majority of 123.
His vote in the lower end—Germany
and Union townships and Littlestown
borough—was unprecedented, and fully
attests his popularity.

He is at present engaged in farming
—stocking his farms himself and giv-
ing them his personal supervision. He
is a prominent member of the Reform-
ed church of Littlestown, having been
a deacon and trustee since his 20th
year.

Charles H. Duttera has been a very
successful business man all through life.
A workingman himself, he is a friend
of labor and laboringmen, and if elect-
ed will in the future as in the past
look well to the interests of Adams
county.

JOHN R. BITTINGER.

One candidate for the Legislature
before the people this fall deserves the
careful consideration of the voters of
this section of the county; that is, not
of this section alone, but of this section
in an especial manner. That candi-
date is Mr. John R. Bittinger, one of
the Republican nominees for the Leg-
islature.

Mr. Bittinger was born, and reared
to his sixth year, in Oxford township,
Dec. 31st, 1849. When he was six
years of age, his father moved his fam-
ily to Berwick township, where John
R. grew up in usefulness and has lived
ever since. He is now overseeing his
vast and growing business in lime,
limestone and ballast, and has identi-
fied himself with all progressive move-
ments inaugurated for the good of the
townships in which his interests lie, and
for the inhabitants thereof. By educa-
tion and business training he is emi-
nently fitted to fill the responsible po-
sition to which he aspires, and should
he be fortunate enough to win—which
his friends are taking care that he will
—he will discharge the duties incumb-
ent upon him faithfully, intelligently
and honorably.

On Friday evening, Mr. John A.
Livers, of Gettysburg, the Democratic
candidate for County Treasurer, was in
town attending the Democratic meet-
ing. Mr. Livers was warmly received
by our citizens, who are beginning to
appreciate his worth more and more as
the election grows nearer.

Mr. W. H. Tipton, Republican candi-
date for Legislature, gave us a pleasant
call last week. Mr. Tipton reports ev-
erything looking well over the county,
with the "fences" up, notwithstanding
the great storms.

Mr. E. M. Wierman, of Tyrone twp.,
Democratic candidate for Sheriff, also
gave us a pleasant call last week. Mr.
Wierman is busy looking up his inter-
ests throughout the county, and says
the outlook for his election is bright.

A vote for Mr. James Devine, of
Conewago township, for County Com-
missioner is a vote in the right direc-
tion. He is a thorough economical
business man and an affable gentle-
man.

The Protection Mutual Fire Insur-
ance Company, Littlestown, has made
an assessment of three per cent. on
premium notes for fire loss and one of
three mills on the dollar on the
amount of insurance for storm or cy-
clone loss.

Death of Mrs. Peter Weirick.

On Sunday last, Oct. 4th, Mrs. Pe-
ter Weirick breathed her last at Wich-
ita, Kansas, aged about 68 years.
Mrs. Weirick was a sister of the late
Jacob Smith, of Oxford township, who
died on Sept. 2nd—just one month
and two days apart. Mrs. Weirick
was born on the Smith homestead
near Bonneville, and married Mr.
Peter Weirick in early life. After liv-
ing in various parts of Pennsylvania
and Maryland, Mr. and Mrs. Weirick
moved to Wichita, Kansas, about 16
years ago. Mrs. Weirick is survived
by a husband and three grown sons,
one of whom, William, was married
about seven years ago to Miss Clara,
a daughter of Mr. H. J. Hemler, of
Mountpleasant township. The fun-
eral took place on last Wednesday;
interment in Wichita.

Telephone Notes.

The wires are up from Gettysburg
to Littlestown and Littlestown is also
wired.

All the poles will be erected in the
county by the end of the month, ex-
cept in Gettysburg.

Littlestown, New Oxford and some
of the other towns will be connected
by election day.—Star.

STOP PATENT MEDICINES.

They are mostly made to pile up for-
tunes for the proprietors who manufac-
ture them.

FOR A COUGH

try a 15c. bottle of Dr. Louey's Con-
sumption Syrup. Not a patent medicine,
but made by myself after the original
prescription of the English physician,
Louey, who used it for many years in his
practice, and which enjoys a great repu-
tation to the present day in parts of the
United States and Europe. This is a
prescription covering the whole ground
which these preparations cover, which
are offered under the title of patents,
and wherever Louey's Consumption Syr-
up is known it carries a great reputation
as a cough and lung remedy. It contains
—Tar, (purified) which is a diuretic and
promotes secretion in the bronchial and
laryngeal passages; Ipecac, which is a
diaphoretic and expectorant; Squills,
which was employed by the Greeks as a
medicine and retained to the present pe-
riod, a deserved popularity as an expect-
orant; Lobelia, Chloroform and Anti-
mony and Potash Tartrates, all of which
are effectually employed in Catarrh,
Croup and Bronchial affections. The
above are scientifically combined with
Tolu and Peppermint in such propor-
tions as to make effectual these grateful
aromatics used for all the purposes to
which medicines of this class applied,
allay nausea and relieve spasmodic pains;
the whole making an excellent prepara-
tion, very pleasant to the taste, agreeable
to take and with a reputation of a great-
er number of years back of it than any
other cough cure known.

I GUARANTEE IT!

If you are not benefitted by it, I will
give you something else for your money.
Made and sold only by

Yours respectfully,
RANDOLPH WEHLER, Ph. G.
(Successor to J. W. Dicks.)
NEW OXFORD, PA.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$0.04
No. 2 ".....62
Raked ".....45
Rye.....28 @ 30
Corn.....20 @ 30
Oats.....15 @ 18
Clover seed, per lb.....5 @ 6
Timothy seed.....1.50 @ 2.00
Timothy hay.....8.00 @ 10.00
Rye straw.....7.00 @ 9.00

MARRIED.

Oct. 8, in York, by Rev. J. Darmstaut-
er, Mr. George C. Stambaugh, of Ab-
bottstown, to Miss Alice R. Mummert,
of Oxford township.

Oct. 6, in Abbottstown, by Rev. R. H.
Clare, Mr. John L. Guise, of East Berlin,
to Miss Catharine Nagle, of Abbottstown.

Oct. 13, in McSherrystown, by Rev.
Father Brand, Mr. John Donn, of Balti-
more, to Miss Emma Little, of McSher-
rystown.

Oct. 6, in McSherrystown, by Rev.
Father Brand, Mr. John A. Gulden to
Miss Sarah Weaver, both of McSherrys-
town.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, veils, &c., 50 cents a line

Oct. 4th, near this place, Samuel Brown,
aged 76 years, 7 months and 22 days.

Oct. 5th, at Kingsdale, Mrs. Emma,
wife of Augustus Staley, of throat con-
sumption, aged 24 years, 5 months and 9
days.

Oct. 2nd, at Cashtown, Miss Sarah
Brough, aged 71 years 10 months and 25
days.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

cured. Mrs. N. E. Whitney, of Hillsboro,
Bridge, N. H., was told by her physicians
that she was in the last stages of Bright's
Disease. Receiving no benefit from them

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

was then used and she gained daily, and
was soon after doing her household work.
She declares Favorite Remedy restored
her to health and strength. All kidney,
urinary troubles, rheumatism and dyspep-
sia, are cured by Favorite Remedy.

The ITEM is but a dollar a year. Try it.

THE TRYST.

At night beneath the silver stars,
The gleaming stars, the dreaming stars,
She waits beside the pasture bars
Till down the path I pass, O;
And all the whispers of the air,
The shifting airs, the drifting airs,
Are freighted with the angels' prayers
To guard my little lass, O.

Her eyes are like a summer sea,
A heaving sea, a grieving sea,
And, ah, their light is all for me,
And all for me her love, O;
As waiting there amid the gloom,
The darkening gloom, the hearkening gloom,
She breathes the evening's faint perfume
That broods the fields above, O.

Oh, Margery, my little love,
My nearest love, my dearest love,
Soft-eyed and gentle as a dove,
Across the fields she trips, O;
And, ah, the all-enthraling charm,
The captured charm, the raptured charm,
To feel her hand upon my arm
And touch her dewy lips, O.

Beside the bars with shining eyes,
With youthful eyes, with truthful eyes
The listening vastness of the skies
Bends low to see us meet, O;
Till up the lane she goes from me,
She starts from me, she parts from me,
And all the grasses bow to see
And kiss her passing feet, O.

ZULEIKA'S WOOLING.

AN ENGLISH COLONEL'S STORY.

It is a good few years ago since one April found me quartered at Peshawar, in India. Out on the frontier, as most of you know, our extreme outposts are Michni, Abazai and Shub-kudr, three as dreary spots as a man could ever hope to see. They have not, as I dare say you know, a single redeeming feature, being solitary mud buildings which hold the police and native troops who are supposed to overawe the tribesmen, and which, except the commandant and the doctor, don't offer many attractions in the way of society. You know what frontier service in the old days was like. Forays by the tradesmen, and punitive expeditions by the Sirkar, carried to such an extent that we almost realized the idea of "Brankome Tower," in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

You know the sort of life—rows with the tribesmen eternally springing up and dying down again in individual localities, while as a matter of fact there was always trouble at one or more places along the frontier.

At the time I am speaking of, the post of commandant of the frontier forts was not in much quest. I don't know that the authorities at Simla were much troubled by eager applicants; in fact I think the general at Peshawar usually detailed some unlucky major from the Staff Corps and sent him no less volens to hold the fort as long as he could with decency be made to stay. There was trouble brewing that April, and in Peshawar we all knew it. How it came about we none of us cared much, but the man before the then incumbent had gone home sick, and the commandant pro tem, was reported to be in daily fear of his life.

Well, unpleasant as it was, it was scarcely a surprise, when, one morning the assistant adjutant general rode up to my bungalow in great excitement, and told me I was to out at once and assume command of the forts.

"You're to lose no time," he said. "Poor So-and-so" (mentioning the late commandant) "was shot last night by some scoundrel, and the general wants you to try and find out who did it. The police are making inquiries, but you know what that means. By the way, he wants to see you before you go."

A soldier never has much time to make his arrangements, and that very evening I rode out to the forts, having received a long lecture from the general on that confounded word "tact" which, as we find in the service, is always on everybody's lips, and not understood by one man in a hundred who uses it.

Well, I must get on with my story, or we shall be in the flames before I come to the point of it. I never thought much about tact, but I always believed that a well-born native is as much a gentleman as an English duke, and will behave to you just as you treat him. I soon discovered my unfortunate predecessor had tried to ride rough-shod over the tribesmen, and had made his hand felt in every corner of his command. A Pathan is as vengeful as a Corsican of good family, and will carry his feuds as far as a self-respecting American desperado. There are always ready with knife or rifle to exact vengeance from any enemy, and near Peshawar will often murder the wrong man, if they can't find the right. An Englishman who is accustomed to living in a law-abiding country is no match for them, and so my predecessor found to his cost. They shot him as he was smoking his

pipe after dinner one night, on his own veranda in view of the guard. Of course I never found his murderer—I never expected I should—but I did find that my own system of treatment paid better than his, and before very long I had, as the politicians would have expressed it, "established excellent relations with the surrounding tribesmen."

There was a very simple way of testing this. A few hundred yards from the gate of the fort a former commandant had made for himself a garden, sunk a well, and planted trees. Here most of the vegetables used by the garrison were grown. The Pathans broke down the walls, cut the water courses and stole the vegetables. But I started a different system; I was civil to the neighboring Kahns and sent them baskets of vegetables, and before very long I found my produce grew in plenty, and more, on the fine summer evenings, after the heat of the day, when I went across to the garden and sat under the trees and smoked my pipe, one or other of the Kahns would drop in for a chat, and in a short time I reckoned many friends among the supposed irreclaimable blackguards who owned the frontier villages.

Among them all there was none with whom I got on better than a grand old fellow named Mahomed Asim Khan, chief of a village near the fort. He was a thorough gentleman, had served in his younger days under the Sikh generals, and was as proud of his home and his scars as any honorable man need be. Many were the pleasant evenings we spent together, for, as I have said, European society was limited, and a fine old fellow like that a perfect godsend to a lonely man.

Well, for a time all went merry as a marriage bell, till one unlucky day a case arose regarding a theft of cattle from old Asim Khan's village. The thief was caught red-handed and tried by a native magistrate, and condemned chiefly on the Khan's evidence. After the trial, I met the old gentleman casually and exchanged a few sentences with him. Not five minutes later I heard a shot. Alarmed by the cries, I ran in the direction, and to my horror found my old friend weltering in his blood. Inquiry soon showed that the assassin was the thief condemned that day. He had escaped from custody, armed himself somehow, and before finally taking himself off had shot his accuser.

We always kept a portion of the cavalry escort in readiness for emergencies, and in less time than it takes me to tell you, the assassin was being followed by a mounted party. My horse was soon saddled, and I, too, tried to follow, but unsuccessfully, as they were too far ahead, and I had to sit at home and wait for news.

It was late in the afternoon when my search party returned, unsuccessful. They had ridden after the murderer, and, being slightly better mounted, were rapidly gaining on him, when the way was barred by a broad, broken nullah, beyond which lay a village. The assassin knew the ground, his pursuers did not. The advantage enabled him to get clean across the nullah, while the cavalry were looking for a road for their horses. He rode boldly into the village, from which, unluckily, all the men happened to be absent, and finding an elderly woman munching a chupatti, snatched it from her hand, ate a portion, and proclaimed that he had eaten of their salt, and claimed sanctuary. You know the Pathans. By the time my party got across the nullah he was securely hidden, and while they were haggling, a second search party arrived from Michni under command of a European officer. Had the natives been left to themselves they would probably have secured their man, but the officer, in wholesome dread of the authorities' orders regarding frontier complications, said he must withdraw, as they were out of British territory, and sent both parties home. Personally, I think I should have risked a wiggling, as the Pathans were little like to object to the capture of a British subject who had murdered one of themselves. But my subaltern ruled differently.

Of course we were disappointed, but one or two Kahns who were with me bade me be of good cheer; the murderer would be caught. I said I hoped so.

Next day a fine young Pathan, who was a sower in the cavalry detachment at the fort, came to me and asked for long leave to visit his home. I granted it without hesitation, but that night, as I rode past the spot near my garden where his relatives had buried the body of poor Mahomed Asim Khan, I saw that a lamp was burning on the new-made grave, and flowers were strewn upon it; and happening to meet one of the Kahns, I was told that where public punishment had failed, private vengeance would step in. The young sower, Asful by name, had taken up the vendetta, and Asim's murder would assuredly be avenged.

It was six weeks later when, one evening, my servant brought me news that Asful, the sower, would like to be admitted to my august presence. I readily granted the permission, and in he came. He was a great swell. His flowing, white garments were new and spotless, his hair carefully dressed, and his face clean shaved, except his

mustache. I asked him what brought him to see me, and a smile of pride lit up his face as he replied, with many curses on the dead scoundrel, that Asim's murderer had met his deserts, and that he himself had slain him. Shocked as I was, I asked for particulars. He told me how with infinite patience he had tracked the assassin from village to village as he fled from the vengeance which was, he knew full well, sure to follow. How he had assumed disguise, and traveled hard, often hungry and thirsty, through the valleys, till at last, one evening at sunset he had overtaken his enemy. He had found him in a quiet spot kneeling, with his face toward Mecca, beside the shrine of some forgotten saint, going punctiliously through those devotions which no pious Mussulman, however blood-stained his hands may be, ever neglects. He described how he stood watching him paying his last devotions on earth, his own finger on the trigger of his carbine, and how, as he finished his devotions, he rose and folded up the shawl he had used as a carpet. This was Asful's opportunity. Calling upon the assassin to turn, he covered him with the carbine, and revealing him in all the expressive terms of Pathan abuse, he then and there, as the sun disappeared in the west, shot his enemy like a dog.

You know how hard it often is to fit our English notions of justice on to native customs. Personally, I should have liked to let the boy, for he was little more, go scot free. But the commandant of the frontier forts dared not do so, and to Asful's surprise I ordered him into custody. I did so with great regret. After he was securely locked up I sent for the Tehsildar and asked if he was safe. I think the man guessed my anxiety, for he said gravely, as an Oriental will, even when he is making a joke: "Sahib, that young man is as safe as we can make him, but our prison is a very bad one. Men escape."

"But Asful won't?" I asked, eagerly.

"These things, my lord," he answered, "are in the hands of Providence. We must wait and see."

Next morning the Tehsildar was early at my house. As he spoke I could not help thinking that the suspicion of a smile was lingering round his fat face.

"My lord," he said, joining his hands and bowing to the ground, "a miracle has happened. In the night that young man broke his bonds and escaped. I fear we shall not see him again."

I need not tell you how I held an inquiry and censured all concerned. I do not think they minded much. None of them seemed to think I was in earnest. However, there was no help for it—Asful had vanished.

That night I rode away toward old Asim Khan's village. As I approached it I heard sounds of merriment, and presently there issued from the village a gay procession. First came a group of horsemen all gayly attired, and preceded by drums and horns—among them was one I thought I knew—then followed a closed litter, and then a lot of men driving buffaloes and carrying distaffs, cooking-pots, and a large native bed, painted in gaudy colors. As they saw me the musicians beat louder than ever, and I thought the horseman waved his hand. I determined to inquire. An old graybeard volunteered information.

"Your lordship," he said, "probably knew the late Mahomed Asim Khan, who is now with the prophet in Paradise. He had a lovely daughter, Zuleika, who loved a young man, Asful by name. The chief did not favor the match, for he was rich and the young man was poor. Well, the chief was slain, and Asful undertook to avenge him. Now the beautiful Zuleika is his by conquest. Yonder Asful rides, this is his bride, these are the marriage gifts. They are going Asful's home in a distant village."

I turned my horse's head home more or less contented, though I pondered, too, over the strangeness of frontier customs.

That was the only excitement while I was commandant. Well, lads, that's my yarn. Make the best of it. If we don't turn in, it will be daylight before we get to bed. Good-night.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Fresh Water Pearls.

"The business of finding fresh water pearls is not altogether what it has been represented in the newspapers," said J. O. Adams, of Knoxville, Tenn., at the Shoreham. "The existence of pearls along the Clinch and Holston Rivers has always been known, but it has only been within the past two or three years that it was supposed they were of any value. The first intimation that they were marketable came in an article describing similar pearls found in the Miami River in Ohio. Then pearl fishing took a sudden boom, and everybody seemed to think they would get rich. For a time pearls were brought into Knoxville in large quantities, but the prices were not so large as was expected. Still the business was profitable enough to induce those without steady employment to devote their time to it. Now, those easily obtained are almost all gone. It would not pay to go to much expense getting, so the pearl boom is rapidly dying out."—Washington Star.



WEANING THE CALF.

The sympathetic bond between the cow and the calf is worth considering. It is a natural bond and it pays to regard nature. On account of this sympathetic bond it is common for the cow to shrink in her milk yield through the worry caused by separating her from her calf. We have settled down to the following practice as the most satisfactory in our case: The first night allow the calf to remain with the cow. The succeeding night turn it in to suckle and then remove it until morning, when it is again permitted to suck. As soon as the milk is good milk the cow, but have the calf by her side while you are milking. Tie so she can see the calf and perhaps fondle it, and she will be reconciled to the operation at once, and the change is made without any worry on the part of the cow or the owner. She soon takes no heed whether the calf is there or not, and the weaning is accomplished without even a protest on her part.—Rural Life.

YOU CAN'T HURRY THE HEN.

When fowls don't lay as many eggs as we think they ought to, especially at this season of the year, we naturally do something to stir them up—feed meat and egg producing food. If we are not quite familiar with this line of procedure, we are apt to look for almost immediate results, and are quite sure to be disappointed.

We can feed cows for an increased supply of milk and get it quickly, because the process between the digestion and the making of milk is rapid; not so the process between the fowl and the egg. The egg is quite complicated, not only in its entire structure but in the process of putting on the shell—the last process, however, being the quickest performed. The germ of the egg being there, all that is required are the proper conditions to mature it—and time.

How long a time? Well, about two weeks at least. In other words, it is a matter of haste on our part and a matter of taking it easy on the part of the fowls.—Poultry Monthly.

PLOWING UNDER BUCKWHEAT.

The quick growth of buckwheat and its broad, expansive leaves, enabling it to take much of its substance from the air, has suggested to others as to you that it ought to be a good crop to plow under for green manure. Unfortunately, however, all the buckwheat plant takes from the air through its leaves is only carbon, and of comparatively little value as a fertilizer. We have seen rank growths of this crop plowed under green, but never saw a good crop of anything else thus produced. It used to be said by old farmers that buckwheat plowed under from scattered seed late in spring for corn was poisonous to the corn crop. We do not believe this, but these farmers probably thought the buckwheat growth, being nearly as bulky as clover, ought to be equally valuable. When its results were so inferior it was easy to imagine that the corn after buckwheat, being so much inferior to that on clover sod, had been really injured by the former. In one respect, buckwheat ought to be good for corn, as it makes the soil very light and friable, so that if the fertility is there, the corn roots will easily find it. As for plowing under buckwheat as preparation for wheat, it should never be done. The buckwheat will make the soil so light and porous that it will hold a great deal of water, and wheat on such soil will almost inevitably winter kill.—Boston Cultivator.

STARTING A DAIRY.

There are every year men starting in as farmers who have no cows of any kind. This class will, as a rule, find it to their interest not to stock up the first year with the full number of cows they expect to keep. This is because it will be found almost impossible to buy the best cows out of any herd. It is better to raise a herd of dairy cows—better for several reasons. First, by using males of improved dairy breeds a better class of cows can be raised than can as a rule be purchased; second, they will be more gentle if properly trained from calfhood to maturity; third, they are more contented, and contentment counts.

At the bottom of all successful dairying, whether conducted entirely on the farm, or partly as associated dairying, is dairy education, dairy habits, and sometimes it may be called dairy instinct. Instinct is said to be the sum of inherited habits. This is doubtless the best definition that can be given of it. Hence the best dairy communities are those where dairying has been carried on for generations. Kindness, patience, painstaking, keen observation and steadfastness of purpose are all important factors in producing good results. If dairying

is not thought to be worth your best efforts let it alone by all means. Let it alone if it is irksome to you. Devotion and application to an enterprise beget a love for it, or should, and if they do not there is something wrong.

There is a moral side to dairying. Regular habits are acquired. Men who keep cows must be at home at milking time—home is a good place. Very few good dairymen are whisky drinkers. Dairy communities, as a rule, furnish but little business for lawyers. Dairying is educating and elevating if intelligently followed; this is especially true of home dairying.—Western Rural.

METHODS FOR KILLING WEEDS.

If weeds cannot be completely exterminated they may be brought under subjection, and in restricted localities this subjection may approach so near to extermination as to prevent any material damage without requiring appreciable extra labor. If the weed, like many of our most abundant kinds, is an annual, reproducing itself from the seeds only and dying root and branch each year, it may be subjected by preventing seed production. The seeds of many annuals retain their vitality for several years, so that if they once become abundant in the soil they are likely to germinate at irregular intervals, and thus cause trouble for a long time, even though no fresh seed is introduced. In this case merely preventing the production of seed will gradually reduce the quantity of weeds and will prevent any further spreading.

A thousand young seedlings may be destroyed in this manner by the cultivator with less effort than a single mature plant can be destroyed, and every seedling killed means one less weed seed in the soil. Barron summer fallowing is often practiced to clear out weedy land by the method just described; but usually corn, potatoes, alfalfa, cabbages, or beets may better be grown, giving a profitable return for the extra cultivation. The best results can be obtained, of course, with crops that allow cultivation during the greater part of the season, and that do not shade the soil too much, as the direct rays of the sun heating the surface of the soil aid materially in the germination of many seeds. As annual weeds usually thrive best in soil that has been broken but is not occupied, it is evident that broken land should not be permitted to remain idle.

Biennials, such as burdock, wild carrot, and bull thistle, store up nourishment in thickened roots during the first year of growth, and during the second year they produce seed and die. Many species which are ordinarily true biennials will live three years, or possibly longer if seed production is prevented by mowing or cutting the stem above the crown of the root. In fact, mowing or cutting off the main stem often induces it to branch out at the base and send up several stalks in place of one. Cutting the roots below the crown usually kills them. If this work is to be done by hand with a hoe, grub hoe, or spud, as is often the case with bull thistles on new ground, it can be done most effectively and with the least labor in the fall, during the first year of growth. Biennial weeds are readily killed by cultivation such as is given to hood crops, and the seeds may be cleaned out of the land by this method.

Perennial weeds reproduce themselves by seeds, and also propagate by some form of perennial underground stem, as the rootstalks of Canada thistle and couch grass, the corm or solid bulb of the nut grass and chufa, and the bulb of the wild onion. A few plants sometimes classed as noxious weeds have runners above ground, as Bermuda grass. To destroy perennial weeds seed production must be prevented and the underground portion must be killed. Seed production may be prevented by mowing when the first flower buds appear, the same as in the case of annuals or biennials. The rootstocks may be dug up and removed, a remedy that can be practically applied only in small areas. Salt, coal oil, or strong acid applied so as to come in contact with the freshly cut roots or rootstocks destroys them for some distance from the point of contact. Crude sulphuric acid is probably the most effective of comparatively inexpensive materials that can be used for this purpose, but its strong corrosive properties render it dangerous to handle. Rootstocks may be starved to death by preventing any development of green leaves or other parts above ground.—Denver Field and Farm.

The pan-Presbyterian council, at its recent session in Glasgow, Scotland, unanimously accepted the invitation to hold its meeting in Washington, D. C., in 1899.

Health Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. 25c.

A Despotism Postmistress.
She was postmistress of Penzance, Cornwall, and ruled her office with a hand of steel. She had two rules which admitted of no exception—she never gave change, and she would not open the office window when "Box Closed" or "Mail not Sorted" was placarded. The sport-loving gentry often tried to break through her cast-iron rules. Two such attempts Mr. Baines, sometime inspector general of her majesty's mails, chronicles in his book, "On the Track of the Mail-Coach."
A traveler wagered that he would break through the blockade of "Box Closed." He knocked so persistently at the little window, that at last it was opened far enough for him to thrust in a bundle of letters. He thought for a moment that he had won; but he didn't know the postmistress, who flung his letters into the street.
Then a colonel undertook to undermine the postmistress's position on the giving-of-change question. Presenting himself at the window, he tendered a half-crown, requesting to be supplied with a shilling's worth of postage stamps.
"I give no change," said the lady.
"Oh, very well!" replied the colonel. He withdrew for a minute or two, and then returned with a bag of sixty pennies. Tapping gently at the window, he suavely said, "A penny stamp, if you please, madam."
She fixed him with the glittering eye of triumph, took the penny, gave the stamp, and shut the window. A minute later there was a second knock, and a second request, "A penny postage stamp, if you please, madam!" At the thirtieth penny the postmistress surrendered and agreed to give change.
"I give no change," said the lady.
"Oh, very well!" replied the colonel. He withdrew for a minute or two, and then returned with a bag of sixty pennies. Tapping gently at the window, he suavely said, "A penny stamp, if you please, madam."

CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small.
No city so large.
From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.
They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and



tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.
The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:
Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.
All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

Nothing
so Clean,
so Durable,
so Economical,
so Elegant
as
S. H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS.

You have to pay the same price for the "just as good." Why not insist on having what you want—S. H. & M.
If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.
Samples mailed free.
Home Dressmaking Made Easy, a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hopper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c.
S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

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Treated free. Positively cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands and cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear. Within ten days the most distressing symptoms are relieved. BOOK of testimonials mailed free. Send for FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. Dr. H. H. C. & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty., since.

PISO'S CURE FOR
LUNGS WITH ALL FIVE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Italian Adventures in Abyssinia.

Comparable in many respects to our Indian fighting, the disastrous campaign in Abyssinia has not merely taught the Italians a hard lesson, but has supplied them with a fund of stories of individual bravery which will prove bracing to the national valor, though the main result of the campaign is crushing to the national pride.
Men engaged in desperate conflict with the North American Indians are known to save one charge in their rifles or revolvers to be used on themselves at the last extremity—to save them from Indian torture. It is estimated that hundreds of Italians died by their own hands in the battle of Adowa and during the terrible days which followed it for the same reason.
General Arimondi is known to have committed suicide in the presence of his remaining men; but this was rather from chagrin and grief than from fear of torture at the hands of the enemy.
Sometimes the Italian officers were too ready to hasten their fate, and in some instances they estimated too unfavorably the character of their enemy. Captain Ademollo and Lieutenant Menarini, after being both badly wounded, fell into the hands of the Abyssinian chief, Sebat. They expected to be put to death, but through the intervention of the chief they were given drink and set at liberty.
Soon, however, they were surrounded by another band of about a dozen natives. By this time the two officers had been joined by an Italian corporal, who had his rifle. Giving themselves up for lost, the two officers were about to shoot themselves.
"Don't be such fools!" said the corporal. He led the way to a rock, and the three white men leaned their backs against it. Then the corporal proceeded to bring down three or four of the Abyssinians to skillfully that the rest took to flight. Captain, lieutenant and corporal all succeeded in reaching a place of safety.
The name of the corporal is not preserved by the Italian papers which narrate this adventure, though he seems more worthy of fame than many men of higher rank.

Hogs that Swim.

It is generally believed that hogs cannot swim, but Capt. Alfred Platt of Burlington, N. J., says his can. Capt. Platt owns a farm on Burlington Island.
Several days ago he was looking over his stock, when he became aware that some of his hogs were missing. He began a search for the fugitives, and going down on the beach he was surprised to find a dozen of them swimming around in the water.
He tried in various ways to coax them to shore, but in vain. After having stayed in the water as long as they cared to they slowly made their way back to their sty without so much as a glance at their owner.
A few days later there were some little pigs born, and before they were twenty-four hours old they were taken for a swim by their parents, who had become so fond of the sport that they visited the beach daily.—New York Herald.

Every summer we wish we were as cold-blooded as people say we are.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
P. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.
Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

There are soaps and soaps but only one

Sunlight Soap

which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort.

Makes homes brighter
Makes hearts lighter

Lever Bros., Ltd.,
London & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Woman's Variability—A Bright Woman—The Summer Art School—A Serious One—Proud, Etc.
Time works a strange distraction in the object of her zeal. She's forgot to want the ballot. Since she learned to ride the wheel. —Washington Star.

MORE GOLDEN THAN SILENCE.
Jawkins—"Why do you applaud that rot?"
Hogg—"Hang it, if you would do the same it would help us not to hear it."—Truth.

HISTORY'S ITERATION.
Maud Askit—"Which one of them did you say you hated?"
Grace Cariot—"Sh! they'll hear you; I'll kiss the one I mean on both cheeks."—Puck.

A BRIGHT WOMAN.
Miss Gowanus—"I envy the way you can talk to Mr. Caustique; he never sits on any of your remarks."
Miss Gotham—"No; I make them too pointed."—Judge.

A WISE PRECAUTION.
"Large ears are a sign of generosity," observed the philosopher.
"That's true; but then most men with large ears are sensitive about it, and try to conceal them."—Harper's Bazar.

A SERIOUS ONE.
Citizen (offering bonds)—"I own a six-story flat house in Harlem."
Magistrate—"That's all right. Any innumbrance?"
Citizen—"Well, there's the janitor."—Puck.

THE SUMMER ART SCHOOL.
"This is very good, Miss Bagley, but you want to bring your background out a little more strongly."
"I know, Mr. Crane; but don't you think the frame will do that?"—Harper's Bazar.

IMPRESSED WITH THE FACT.
"Johannie!" said Mr. Chaffie to that hopeful youth, "I did not know until to-day that you were whipped at school last week."
"Didn't you know it, pa? I knew it all the time."—Texas Sifter.

PROUD.
"I owe no man a cent," said he proudly. They gazed on him with wondering admiration.
"No man on earth. The only persons I owe are my landlady and my washerwoman."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HER.
Mabel—"Emily steams her husband's letters open every chance she gets."
Maude—"Oh, well, she isn't mean about it. She seals them up again and never blows him up."—Truth.

PROOF OF ABILITY.
"Young Jones is a pretty bright fellow."
"Didn't he deliver the valedictory at his college commencement a couple of weeks ago?"
"Yes; and he's begun to revise his opinions already."

ON THE TRAIN.
Rural Passenger—"Young man, I'd like to get your views on the crime of Seventy-three."
Cholly—"Aw—weally—aw!—there's so much criminal news in the papers—I—aw—didn't notice anything about it, doncherknow!"

NATURALLY.
Teacher—"Tommy, when was Rome built?"
Tommy—"In the night."
Teacher—"How came you to make such a mistake?"
Tommy—"You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day."—Brooklyn Life.

SOLDIERS TOO COMMON.
Mother—"Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you."
Daughter—"But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them."—Texas Sifter.

KNOWING.
Blobs—"What nonsense it is for newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the brides being led to the altar."
Slobbs—"How so?"
Blobs—"Why most of the girls could find their way in the dark."—Pearson's Weekly.

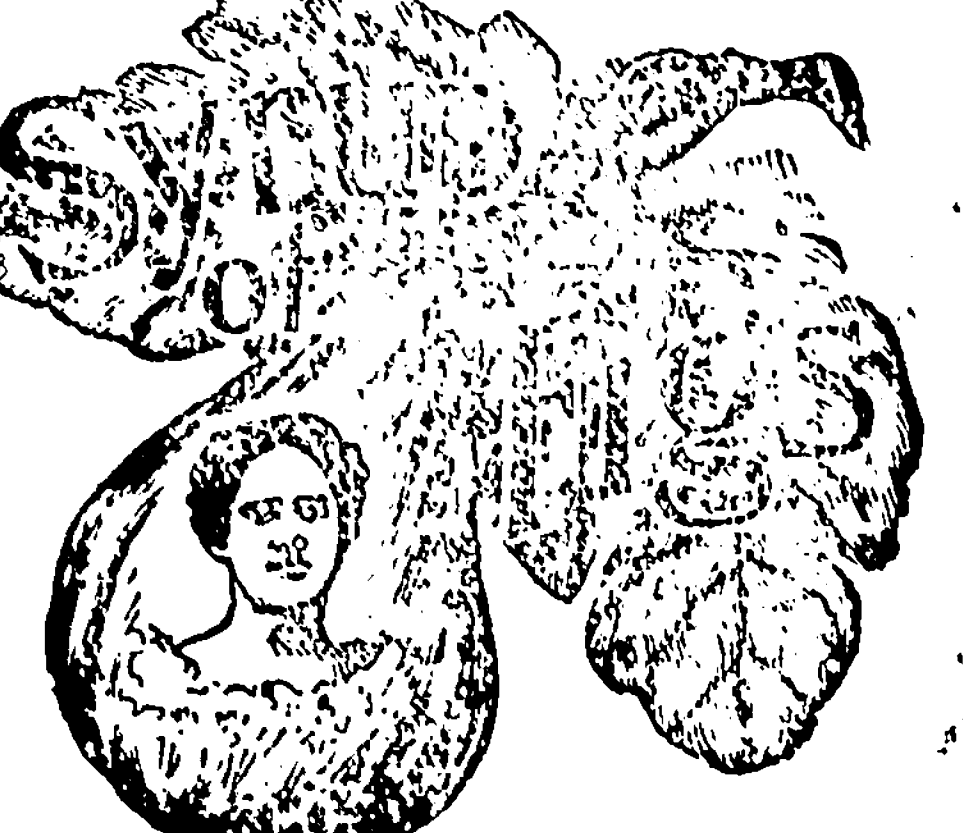
SOUND BUSINESS POLICY.
Mrs. Walker—"I don't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier, it is a loss to the doctors."
Mr. Walker—"I know; but they figure that one sound, healthy rider will disabuse at least five pedestrians per week."—Puck.

"Uncle Billy" Hubbell of Bath, N. Y.

From the Advocate, Bath, N. Y.
Residents of Bath, N. Y., have taken a great fancy of late to Lake Umbagog, which lies just outside the village, and during the past two years a score of new cottages have gone up on its shores. Choice locations are becoming scarce and the early settlers are careful now to keep what dooryard they have left. Your correspondent visited the Lake recently and dropped in to see "Uncle Billy" Hubbell in his comfortable cottage under the pines. Mr. Hubbell established himself at the Lake before the boom commenced, and has one of the prettiest locations there.
Mr. Hubbell said that this was the first spring in twenty years in which he had been free from his old enemy, sciatic rheumatism. He thought he had contracted this disease while running an express messenger on the Erie and other railroads between 1819 and 1859, although he did not feel its acute symptoms until some fifteen years later. Mr. Hubbell is now the second oldest expressman in the United States and recalls many interesting reminiscences of these early days. In 1876 he went to the Western frontier, and has suffered from sciatic rheumatism ever since. Speaking of the many efforts he had made to get relief from this painful ailment, he said that while in New Mexico he visited the Las Vegas and Hamm Springs, and later he tried those at Manitou, Colo., and Little Rock, Ark. Coming east he tried the White Sulphur Springs, Ohio, St. Catherine, Can., and Clifton and Avon, in New York, but without being able to get the slightest relief. As he advanced in age, his trouble became more painful. "Why," he exclaimed, pointing to the farm house of William Burleson, about six hundred feet distant, "I would yell so when those twinges caught me that they could hear me down there."
William H. Hallock, owner of Hallock's bank, in Bath, is a nephew of Mr. Hubbell, and last winter he insisted that "Uncle Billy" should try Pink Pills for Pale People for his rheumatism. Mr. Hubbell is free to say that he had no faith in the pills whatever, and only tried them because of the insistence of Mr. Hallock. He had already tried "more than a million remedies" before he came to Pink Pills and as none had rendered him the slightest benefit, he was pretty well discouraged. However, to please Mr. Hallock, he got a box of Pink Pills. Since then (some three or four months), Mr. Hubbell has not felt a single trace of rheumatism, and is now on his fourth box of the pills. He cannot explain how this marvelous relief was effected, but feels sure it was the pills which did it, and is now as enthusiastic in their endorsement as was his nephew, Mr. Hallock. Mr. Hubbell now comes into Bath almost every day, and says he could ride a bicycle if he only had some one to help him on and off.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of May, 1896.
W. P. FISH, Notary Public.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.
I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.
Sword-fish as food is infinitely superior to salmon.

Catarrh and Cold Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Pleasant and delightful to use. It cures instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.
A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.
All who use Debbins' Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once, it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits itself. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.
The first church on the site of St. Paul's, London, was built in 610.
FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free 24 trial bottle and treatment. Send to Dr. Kline, 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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"Battle Ax" bridges a man over many a tight place when his pocket-book is lean. A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" will last about as long as a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos.
This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

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